MOUNT MOSES

Cevat Rifat Atilhan

BERSERKER
BOOKS

INTRODUCTION

The life of every living being is a script written by the pen of power, unfolding between birth and death. Just as not all theatrical works contain the same degree of wisdom, lessons and extraordinary events, so too are divine scripts. Whilst some are filled with ordinary events, others flow amidst a succession of great and momentous occurrences.

Since this world has been entrusted to a balance between opposites, and relies on the decree of the Almighty, all occurrences (events and affairs) are the result of a divine commission. It is self-evident that the importance, sphere of influence, and power of every commission are not the same.

We have had the honour of getting to know the merciful Cevat

Rıfat ATİLHAN is a hero of a commendable scenario, both in action and in thought, during the

, was a hero of a commendable narrative, both in action and in thought. In the words of the ancients, he was a ‘sahib-us seyfi vel kalem’—a man who wielded both the sword and the pen.

From Galicia in Romania to the deserts of Palestine,

front, Cevat Rıfat ATİLHAN

, is not, in fact, a career officer. He is a reserve officer who received a civilian education. I leave it to the readers’ judgement to consider what great achievements one must have been the hero of for a civilian who began his military career as a second lieutenant to rise to the rank of general by a decision of the Grand National Assembly.

Whilst performing these military duties, the late Atilhan, who gained the opportunity to fully comprehend the covert enemy activities that were preparing our downfall,
Greek War, unlike many others who, like 6 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

, he did not retreat to a secluded corner but instead found himself embroiled in another struggle—one far more arduous and far more significant for the nation’s future. In this new struggle, which he undertook with a pen as effective as a sharp sword and continued until the end of his life, Cevat Rıfat ATİLHAN was so successful in exposing all the secret ambitions of the Jew—the eternal enemy of our religion and state—that today, it is

cannot be imagined!

There are many bitter truths regarding this matter that certain so-called intellectuals have still

. Thanks to his noble efforts, it has become the foremost issue discussed in every corner of the homeland, even in the tents of the Yörük nomads, where every concern for the nation is voiced.

This new struggle, which drove him to the point of collaborating with Hitler, has yielded him no benefit on the world stage, just as his military service did not. For throughout his entire life, he harboured no ambition other than the pleasure of Almighty God and the welfare of his nation. The late gentleman, who had adopted humility, self-effacement and contentment as his guiding principles, left behind a legacy of seventy

-odd works of **'Nâr-ı Beyzâ'** are a noble name that evokes purity, innocence and heroism.

To ensure that this great name is not forgotten and to restore his works—each of which is as significant as a battalion of soldiers—to their rightful place, I congratulate "Sinan Publishing House" on this commendable initiative, and on this fine occasion, I pray to Almighty God for endless mercy and forgiveness for the late Cevat Rıfat ATİLHAN.

Kadir Mısıroğlu

Kuleli, 5 August 1995 MUSA

DAĞI . .. 9 BIOGRAPHY

We know the names of those who have carried the banner of Islam along the line stretching from the Ottoman era to the present day. Among those who have left a mark through their deeds or writings, figures such as Bediüzzaman, Necip Fazıl, Osman Yüksel and Eşref Edip immediately spring to mind. One such voice proclaiming the truth is Cevat Rıfat Atilhan, who, through his works, has enlightened society regarding Judaism, Zionism and certain historical truths.

Born in 1892 during the final years of the Ottoman Empire and enlisted in the army at a young age, Cevat Rıfat Atilhan is renowned for his great acts of heroism across numerous regions, from the Balkans to the Sinai and Zonguldak fronts. Cevat Rıfat's civilian life, too, was spent in constant struggle right up until his death. Having laid aside the sword he wielded so skilfully on the front lines to devote himself to his writing, Cevat Rıfat used the 74 books and thousands of articles he authored to warn the people of this country of the dangers and intrigues of Freemasonry and Zionism.

Cevat Rıfat Atilhan was born in the historic Vefa district of Istanbul, between the Süleymaniye Mosque and the Şehzade Mosque. The son of Hasan Rıza Pasha, the Mutasarrıf of Damascus, Cevat Rıfat attended the Kuleli Military High School at the behest of his grandfather, Hurşid Pasha, the Bey of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Graduating from the Military Academy in 1912 at the age of twenty, Cevat Rıfat found himself suddenly embroiled in the Balkan War. He was taken prisoner during the siege of Edirne. Although Cevat Rıfat was held in Sofia for a time and later returned to Istanbul, he could not escape the wars and shared in the fate of the Ottoman Empire. Having taken part in the Albanian campaign, the Syrian, Palestinian and Sinai fronts, and the First and Second Battles of Gaza, Cevat Rıfat had the opportunity to get to know the Jews, particularly in Palestine. This period would have a significant influence on the books he would later write.

RELATIONS WITH THE JEWS IN PALESTINE

Whilst fulfilling his national duty on the Palestine front, Cevat Rıfat had to contend with traitors who stabbed the army in the back. These traitors were the Zionists whom the Ottoman Empire had welcomed into its bosom. Cevat Rıfat, through relentless investigations, uncovered that the Jewish villages that had settled in Palestine after 1909 were, as a whole, spying against the army; he personally had their ringleaders executed, thereby averting the inevitable defeat on this front.

and personally had them executed, thereby averting the inevitable defeat on this front.

Following the outcome of the First World War against the Ottoman Empire, Cevat Rıfat, who had come to Konya with Mersinli Cemal Pasha, facilitated the establishment of the National Front and, in the meantime, assisted in the formation of the Isparta Demiralay and the Çelikalay in Afyon. Returning to Istanbul with Mersinli Cemal Pasha, Cevat Rıfat met with Caliph Sultan Vahdeddin; upon his departure from office, he was arrested on the orders of Ferit Pasha's cabinet, imprisoned in the Bekir Ağa battalion, and sentenced to death. On 2 October 1918, he was released from prison when Mersinli Cemal Pasha overthrew the Ferit Pasha cabinet and became Minister of War, and he became an aide-de-camp at the Ministry of War. In 1919, Cevat Rıfat came to Zonguldak to join the national struggle and formed the first national forces of 12,000 men in the Zonguldak-Bartın-Ereğli basin. Recognising the value of the coalfields in this region, Cevat Rıfat fought against the French, who were aiming to settle there, and drove the French from the Sapça passes to the Black Sea. In 1920, he was promoted to the rank of General of the Militia

by the Grand National Assembly.

Following the victory of the National Struggle, Cevat Rıfat resigned from the army and turned to civilian life, dedicating himself to a sacred cause he held dear: journalism. Through tens of thousands of articles published in various newspapers and 74 books, he authored works on Islam, Freemasonry, Judaism, Zionism, and the National Struggle.

Cevat Rıfat exposes the hidden aspects, aims and secrets of world Jewry—the originator of imperialism, capitalism and communism that has enslaved the Turkish nation—

. He exposes the hidden aspects, aims and secrets of world Jewry, the architect of imperialism, capitalism and communism. He reveals, in all their clarity, the Masonic lodges, Rotary Clubs and Lions Clubs established by the Jews to seize world domination

.

Cevat Rıfat was one of the first Turkish politicians to reach out to the masses and expose Freemasonry, an organisation hostile to both Islam and the Turkish people. This fact is evident not only in Turkey but also in many parts of the world, as his books have been translated into numerous languages.

Cevat Rıfat Atilhan attended the Congress of Islamic States held in Mogadishu in 1964, where he was elected chairman of the Executive Committee.

Proclaiming with pride that he had “torn the mask of Freemasonry to shreds” and fulfilled his Islamic duty, Cevat Rıfat Atilhan passed away on 4 February 1967.

CE VAT RİFAT ATİ LH AN

HIS GOAL WAS TO EXPOSE THE ENEMIES OF ISLAM

As we mark the 28th anniversary of his death, Cevat Rıfat Atilhan dedicated his life

to ensuring that society became aware of the Zionist and Masonic organisations that played a role in the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, which had carried the banner of Islam for centuries. A large portion of the 74 books he authored

of the 74 books he authored consistently addressed these issues. As a living witness to the information imposed by official history, he approached the İnönü battles, the 31

March Incident, and the murders committed by the Committee of Union and Progress, and did not shy away from revealing the hidden aspects of these events. His recollections regarding the İnönü Battles, particularly his accounts of İsmet İnönü, are quite intriguing.

In his book *The İnönü Battles in All Their Clarity*, Cevat Rıfat describes İnönü as follows: ‘In all the commotion, İsmet Bey’s name was not even mentioned. He never harboured any hope of such a

victory, nor was he in the least hopeful of it; indeed, he was entirely opposed to

struggle.

At a time when military operations had not yet begun, during the armistice years, I was an aide-de-camp at the Ministry of War, whilst he was the deputy undersecretary of the same ministry.

One day, together with Ali Fuad Bey (Ali Fuad Erdem), the former Commander of the Eighth Corps and a former friend of the aforementioned, we went to Ismet Bey's house in Süleymaniye. He greeted us at the door and, without preamble or introduction, said: 'No action can succeed or yield results now. Propose this to the Pasha. Let a peace delegation be formed; let us go to Europe and bring this matter to a conclusion, whatever the cost. I will go as an adviser, and you as my assistant."

HE WAS NOT A BIGOTED ANTI-SEMITE

We had mentioned that a large portion of the 74 books he authored dealt with Judaism. Cevat Rıfat, who was quite close to the Jews on the Palestine Front, had witnessed the activities of Jewish villages against the Ottoman army and had arrested and punished their ringleaders.

Cevat Rıfat, 'A nation that we saved from massacre in the 15th century—

and to whom we granted the right of residence in our lands, how they, **like a viper,** bit us when **the time** came—

' In his works, he cites 'hundreds of examples ranging from Jewish spies such as Suzy Liberman and Simi Simon to those who attempted to seize land from Sultan Abdulhamid

FOREWORD

The late Cevat Rifât Atilhan had come to the offices of the magazine we were working on together some six or seven months before his death.

Handing the article he had prepared for the magazine to the colleague in question, he asked, ‘Did I bring it on time?’ As he sat down in his chair, he added, ‘Time is the most precious thing; one must appreciate the value of time.’ There was a faint smile on his lips, but he looked tired. Those words and his demeanour instantly reminded me of his past: he had fought in battle after battle and earned his rank of general on the battlefield. After retiring, he had taken up the pen instead of the sword, never ceasing his struggle against Turkey’s enemies.

. He had sought to use his time not for his own benefit, but for the sake of his beloved homeland and for the Turkish nation.

Realising he was willing to talk, I said, “Master, I said, mashallah, you have produced enough works to fill a library, but...” As I paused for a moment, he asked, “But what?” “But,” I continued, “the current generation cannot read the novels of your years of struggle; Yemen remains in our folk songs, and the Palestine War is confined to the pages of history… Yet you are one of the heroes who fought on those fronts, and thank God you are still alive; if you were to write your memoirs in this novelistic style, the current generation would read them with pleasure and benefit from them…”

With a fatherly air, he pulled my chair over to his side and replied.

- My son, we made and wrote a chapter of history. I do not write novels, I write the truth, because I have seen and lived these truths; I have given you young people the facts. What are you waiting for? You cannot know those days; to you, they seem like a novel... Have you read *Musa Dağı*? I published it about thirty years ago...”

I hadn’t read it. I felt ashamed. He continued:

- “In *Musa Dağı*, I described how the Turk defended those sacred lands,

, his nobility and heroism. 1 4 .. CEVAT RİFAT ATİLHAN

I introduced his friends and enemies. I didn’t make it up like a novel; I told only the truth, without any fabrication. But today’s generation might read it as if it were a novel...”

"MOUNT MUSA" is precisely this book. When the late author’s son, Atillâ Atilhan, asked me to write a foreword for a work of his father’s to be reprinted, I did not know that the book in question was this one. Upon learning this, I was very pleased.

Today, unfortunately, bookshop windows are filled with the war

memoirs. From the war memoirs of the Red Chinese General Lin Piao, to those of the Vietnamese General Giap, the Cuban dictator Castro, and the terrorist Guevara—all these foreigners who are not of us and are distant from us... Yet the pages written by the bayonets of our soldiers are shunted onto the hidden shelves of libraries, never making it onto the display windows. There must have been hundreds of prisoners taken during the Battle of Gallipoli alone. This stagnation perhaps stems from the awe-inspiring reality—beyond even imagination—that has made it appear as though it were merely a story or a novel

. Those with ulterior motives seeking to exploit this silence are attempting to fill the memories of Turkish youth with the memoirs of Lin Piao,

and Turkish generals, whilst their glorious victories remain, with the war memoirs of the Lin Piaos. Of course, they will not succeed.

Today, the Middle East, and particularly the Palestinian issue, is a potential flashpoint capable of triggering a Third World War, causing concern among all nations. All nations wish to have a say in this matter. However, those who read MUSA DAGI will not only witness the heroism of the Mehmetçik and further evidence of the betrayals committed against us, but will also realise that Turkey has the greatest right to a say in the region.

Refik ÖZDEK 10 September 1968 MUSA

MOUNTAIN . 15

MOUNT MUSA

Located on the Hejaz Railway between Damascus and Medina

(Katrane) is so tranquil, so wild and so silent that it resembles the very first moment when God created the world... Its only connection to civilisation is the railway built by Turkish hands and a few structures at the station... The only things breaking its silence and slightly altering its form, bringing a small change and a touch of life to these desolate lands, are undoubtedly the soldiers stationed there due to the war, the headquarters of the Eighth Corps, and a German air squadron.

Whether it be the corps headquarters or the German air squadron—

appeared like new miracles in the Hijaz provinces to the Bedouins,

appeared like new miracles in the provinces of Hijaz. In this

region, where the young Sheikh al-Mashayikh had stopped to

collect the Turkish gold, a crowd of soldiers

, and the trains carrying provisions and ammunition

, adding new vitality to the scene. As a result of the successful

campaign launched against Tafila at the beginning of 1918,

, these desolate places came to life in a short time. Now, waves of aircraft and the frantic, hurried movement of goods were keeping people busier than city life itself.

These desolate lands and the Bedouins, who until that day had

seen no means of transport other than camels, the railway built

by the Turks, and the steam train

were now, for the first time, witnessing the visit of a British air fleet.

This first visit was somewhat bloody and, in part, tragic.

What became of the people wandering heedlessly and unsuspectingly across the virgin plains, finding no shelter other than the flat earth?

Before they could even realise what was happening, they joined

the ranks of the martyrs. The commander of the Eighth Corps,

Colonel Ali Fuat Bey (*)

near the station in the vicinity found defence defence arrangements to and that our aircraft be put into action immediately—

had ordered me to ensure this.

The esteemed Turkish pilot Behçet, paying no heed to the

devastating air raid descending from the sky without giving one a

moment’s respite and targeting our airbase above all else, stepped

out in front of his tent:

-‘Engineer Ali, Corporal Hasan, Mehmed, Rıza—to the planes!’ he

was shouting.

We were watching, submitting to fate and the debris, as the bombs rained down upon us like a storm

with resignation to fate. One of them exploded beside us with a sound like a hellish greeting, riddling the tents with holes. For a moment, we looked at one another with doubt and anxiety, but our bewilderment quickly passed; Behçet and his men returned to their posts, whilst I rushed to the soldiers out in the open...

28 January 1918.

In Damascus, a train carrying provisions to Medina, its engine roaring,

, approaching Katrane

. In a calmness befitting those unaware of the disaster awaiting them ahead, and as fast as the wood fire would allow

, a doctor and his wife *(*)* from the 2nd Battalion of the 161st Regiment, stationed at Raviş, were on their way to their duties. *Commander of the War Academy, Lieutenant General Ali Fuat Bey,*

"Positions and ranks are as stated in the first edition of 1937."

MOUNT MUSA 17

and their daughters were also present. They were struggling to protect themselves

, struggling to protect themselves from the sparks and flames

spewing from the locomotive.

Just as the train was approaching Katrane, the doctor’s orderly

called out with the frantic urgency of a peasant.

-Doctor, Doctor, a wire has crossed in front of the train. We consider

this a very bad omen... What should we do?

-Stop talking nonsense.

Doctor Vahram Şirinyan’s (*) culture and upbringing were too

strong and steadfast to believe in such superstitions. This—

, along with his wife, Madame Agavniye, and their twelve-year-old

-year-old daughter, Mariye. He read profound meanings into their behaviour and trembled to the core with a dreadful premonition whose true nature he could not explain.

A few minutes after the train reached Katrane, Dr

Dr Shirinyan, having not had a single mouthful of hot food pass his throat for days, took the train to the corps quartermaster's

. The corps quartermaster, Major Hasan Bey (*), received his guest with great courtesy and a fatherly manner. This gentleman is the very embodiment of kindness and courtesy. He asked the doctor of his wishes and needs:

- I would like a meal for three people.

- Who are the other two?

- My wife and my child

- We can provide a meal for three, or even ten... But, my brother, what is the point of dragging this poor woman and this innocent child

?

(*) Today at Türkiye Han on Hamidiye Street in Sirkeci. (*) He is

the sales manager at Arslan Cement Company.

- Whether we die or survive, let us be together...

- May God keep your path clear.

With the doctor in front and the orderly carrying the mess tins,

as they made their way towards the station, they felt the joy of the soldiers who had found water during the canal expedition. But like all joy, this happiness did not last long; the surprise aerial attack by British aircraft instantly changed the scene, forcing everyone to take cover in a trench or scatter into the fields. The doctor, who had been overjoyed at the deep sense of relief and happiness born of bringing his children the reward of three or four days' food, was taken aback by this sudden attack; as he began to grasp the meaning of the sorrow and foreboding within him,

and was seized by a terrible agitation. The poor woman, who

knew no world beyond her home and kitchen, could not even

determine

land, where she did not even know where she was, could not decide

whether she should pity herself or her little child, who was oblivious

to the world. In this bewildered and dejected moment, her husband

came to them, dragging his wife and child along, and took them to

the underside of the nearby railway bridge.

The space beneath the railway bridge was a world of its own.

Those who calculated that bombs could not penetrate a layer of earth over a metre thick could

might have considered themselves safe. The doctor and his family, too, had found a place for themselves

.

The roar of the bombs falling on the station and the headquarters

sounded like the crack of a ceremonial cannon to those who felt safe

here.

MOUNT MUSA. 19

And so, with this great sense of misjudgement, the doctor and his family, who thought they were at a country feast, were tucking into the hot meals they had longed for over the past few days with boundless appetite.

What an utterly delightful feast it was. For days on end

had been numbing their appetites with stale bread and dry rations; now they were eating the carefully prepared, delicious meals as if they were a divine halva bestowed by God in the desert. The other residents of the bridge underpass, witnessing the wretched state of these poor souls as if they had just emerged from famine, watched them with a mixture of compassion and astonishment. Among the resignation typical of those awaiting death, the most striking figure was a girl of about twelve years of age. Goodness! In this dreadful place, where one would not even come across Bedouin women, what was a little girl dressed in Istanbul attire doing here? The little girl had taken refuge amongst the Turkish soldiers; the Anatolian Mehmet-

had taken her into their midst; who knows, perhaps each, driven by the fervour of their own longing for a child, had pressed her to their chest, using their own bodies as a shield against a stray bullet from the side. On the one hand, fear for their lives, and on the other, the gnawing hunger of the days, prevented these people from fully grasping the gravity of their situation.

No shield can be raised against fate. When the hour of the fate

, it carries out its judgement. This unfortunate family, having travelled through silent valleys in the cold of the desert night, past kilometres devoid of human life, had now fallen into the very lap of death, disaster and terror

. Yet, with a false sense of security born of being buried under more than a metre of earth, they continued to satisfy their stomachs' needs.

Suddenly, there were terrifying sounds of an unknown origin.

whistling in its own peculiar way, amidst the black cloud of dust and shrapnel sent into the air by the aeroplane bomb that had fallen right beside the bridge. It had stuck to the doctor's lungs, leaving the sweet morsel in his mouth, and had laid him out on the ground as if lifeless. The food he had eaten just moments before with such pleasure, great appetite and relish seemed to have turned to blood in his stomach in an instant—

, gushing from his mouth and nose.

A few seconds later, the wail of a young girl,

—a wail more agonising than the news of a burnt death—had torn the nerves of the people under the bridge to shreds.

- Daddy, daddy, daddy...

The wailing of an innocent child, a little one unaware of the world

and life, on the battlefield and under fire, had sent shivers down

the spines of countless Turkish fathers

had sent a chill down the spines of countless Turkish fathers. When

little Mari saw her father’s motionless body,

and covered in blood,

, and, sobbing uncontrollably, collapsed onto her father’s body, whose warm blood was soaking the scorching sand, and fainted.

The Mehmetçiks, with a tenderness and sweetness unique to the Turks, this

They wanted to comfort the little girl and save her by pulling her to a safer spot.

A soldier from Akşehir realised the danger and tried to grab the girl and pull her to the side.

-Come on...

Another horrific explosion.

Neither the unconscious girl could regain consciousness, nor could the soldier from Akşehir pull her to safety. Both had joined the ranks of the martyrs and were now under God’s mercy. Her husband’s death and life... MOUNT MUSA .. 21

, the wretched mother, seeing her daughter’s cold body lying motionless and silent upon her husband’s blood-soaked form,

, wailing and weeping in utter despair:

- My husband, my child. Poor man, my husband, poor child...

The aeroplanes, (*) with the agility characteristic of murderers, glided across the horizon of the Cataract, whilst

from within a a and two captives leaving they had moved away, and had vanished from sight.

Turkish doctors and the medical corps rushed to the scene of this tragic disaster. The

esteemed doctor of the corps, Mr Bürhan Fehim (*)

rushed to the aid of his unfortunate colleague. Upon encountering the disaster,

, with the dignity and composure befitting a noble man, he first reached out to his colleague's wife. Whilst comforting and consoling her, he simultaneously set about dressing the doctor's wounds.

The polite words that were never absent from his lips—

This time, the smile conveyed resignation and acceptance; it had taken on new meanings, giving people courage and hope.

'Get well soon, doctor; your injury isn't serious. Let's send you

straight to the hospitals in Damascus,' he said, trying to comfort his

friend.

The doctor, whose fate had denied him the chance to fulfil his duty,

in the desolate and unfortunate black lands devoid of civilised people, and had set off with his wife, the wounded and the disabled, towards Damascus.

(*) Planes

(*) On Ankara Street, the contractor

The Corps Commander had ordered in a telegram that all

commanders of posts and stations along the line should

and to fulfil his requests. At every station, the Turkish officers who met them offered fresh consolations to this wretched father for his irreparable tragedy.

Thus, Turkish nobility was manifested along the MUSA DAĞI road.

A day after this incident, a group of Armenians, comprising

people were brought to headquarters under the escort of infantry soldiers. These were the very people who had used weapons against our soldiers in Tafile.

The punishment for drawing a weapon against a soldier in the face

of the enemy or armed bandits is, in all the civilised armies of the

world,

is death alone. Realising this, these wretched souls had, like pilgrims on the path to the afterlife, given up all hope of this world and were awaiting the visit of the Angel of Death. A dreadful silence hung over them.

They entered the presence of Colonel Ali Fuad Bey,

, Ali Fuat Bey. Like people prepared to receive a death sentence,

they were dazed and exhausted,

, awaiting the grim news, the terrible verdict.

‘You will now pay for your folly with your lives…’

They had steeled themselves for such a dreadful decision. Yet, as the saying goes, ‘where there is life, there is hope’; they were not entirely without comfort, even if the odds were one in a million—

. The calm and resolute voice of the corps commander was heard:

- You will soon learn the full extent of the grave error and sin you have committed.

you have committed. I pardon you all from the punishment the laws have prescribed for you—MUSA MOUNTAIN .. 23

, and I am even permitting all of you to go to Damascus.

There, amidst calmer and more normal living conditions, you will reflect on the gravity of your offences and sins

under more peaceful and normal living conditions, which I consider

sufficient punishment for you.

This broad horizon that opened up before people awaiting the

news of death, this path of life and happiness, was as vast and

boundless as the nobility and magnanimity of the Turks...

A MIRACLE ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT MUSA

In most parts of the world, the depths of winter reign.

In contrast, there is such a beautiful spring in these desolate Katrene plains... If these places had been blessed with even a little human care, their air would certainly have been

would be a thousand times superior to that of the great cities. Here,

place, instead of the exhausting, sorrowful and wearisome life of civilisation, there is the simplicity and purity of nature, the beauty and cleanliness of a mild spring air and a clear, azure sky that enhance human joy and the

...

Today, in this pure and beautiful air, the people—whose hearts were soothed by the pangs of exile and longing—

, sprang into action as if seized by a sudden spell. The tents housing the corps headquarters were dismantled in an instant; those sitting in the carriages gathered their belongings in a flash. With great agility and speed, the headquarters of the Eighth Corps had settled onto the train.

What was the reason for this haste, this commotion?

The British army, which had been stationed before Jerusalem and on the eastern banks of the Jordan River,

had driven the weak Turkish units back with such great speed that they found themselves as far as Amman.

had advanced with remarkable speed as far as the outskirts of Amman.
Here, a defensive line

had not pinned down the vastly superior enemy army—which it considered itself to be a mere handful of Turks—at the gates of Amman under the command of Colonel Asım Bey (*),

had not pinned down the enemy army—which vastly outnumbered

his own—at the outskirts of Amman, the World War would have

ended even then, and the catastrophe would have been far more

terrible.

Due to the extraordinary gravity of the situation,

the commander of the Fourth Army, Mersinli Cemal Pasha, who

was in Damascus, had hurriedly arrived in Amman from his

headquarters.

Owing to the sudden importance the war had acquired,

in Katrena the the Eighth corps its and the forces stationed there, without even having time to consider the defenders of Medina,

to move towards Amman and to play a decisive role in the army's

fate there, and had received orders to this effect from army

headquarters.

The convoy had prepared for action as swiftly as a trained unit

taking up arms. I was in the last carriage alongside the corps

commander. Just as the train was about to set off

, the machine guns of the German air squadron also wished to set off with us. Acceding to their request, I positioned them on the balcony-like

. A strange feeling came over me that these four light machine guns would play a significant role

.

(*) A merchant at the fourth caravanserai.

MOUNT MUSA 25

The train departed from Katrene station in a solemn silence

; the corps general staff, the headquarters guard unit, a field wireless telegraph set, several wagons of ammunition, the corps treasury, and a considerable quantity of provisions and supplies made up the load of this train.

We are proceeding at a moderate pace. We do not know our

destination. However, given that the enemy army has surrounded

Amman

, not a single one of us even considers the impossibility of breaking through this line with such a weak force. We have set out on our journey. We shall take the necessary measures in accordance with events, occurrences and the situation

. We all harbour a sincere desire to reach the army headquarters and our comrades-in-arms fighting in Amman

. It is with this very enthusiasm that we continue on our way, calm and resigned, like ordinary railway passengers. We are entering a wide valley bordered by hills to the north—

, or rather a small plain with gently sloping hills to the north. There is as yet nothing out of the ordinary in sight.
Yet within us

. Our eyes roam around, searching for something. There must surely be something here, at this hour.
For instance, a trap, a

treachery—I don't know, perhaps we're expecting something

entirely different from the movements of an honourable enemy

army.

Without any incidents or disturbances, the train reached Kasr station

. An English air squadron had visited this place before us and turned the area into a wasteland. The panic and excitement displayed by the Arab stationmaster were

. Who knows, perhaps he was aware of everything and the dire consequences.

We wish to travel from the station to Amman. However, the tel-

Radio contact has been lost. There is one station's distance left – Am-26 Cevat Rifat Atilhan

... What should we do? Returning is absolutely out of the question

. Staying where we are is also out of the question. In

so, we must press on at any cost, taking refuge in God. That is what we did. As a precaution,

some of the tribal sheikhs who had come to the station ‘to beg for tips’ were accompanying us. Although it was quite ridiculous for those men on horseback to guide the train, we were forced to acquiesce to this folly without a second thought

.

The train is moving slowly and laboriously due to the wood fire it is burning and the incline it is climbing, so much so that we are travelling at the same pace as the tribal chieftains on horseback. There is one thing, however: the looks

and demeanours do not at all inspire confidence or reassurance in us; they cannot conceal the

. Their body language seemed to be saying to us:

What good can it possibly do you to ride alongside a train? Our purpose in this is partly

is merely to watch your misery and ruin in the treacherous web we

shall weave around you shortly.

There are sorrows within us that are hard to explain. We are on high

alert; our eyes never leave the surroundings for a single second. Our

binoculars never leave our hands or our eyes.

I wonder, what are those people walking suspiciously and anxiously in the fields to our right, one after another like a flock of cranes?

, walking suspiciously and anxiously? Perhaps they are merely ordinary Bedouins going about their business. But what is the meaning of their moving

?

How can we explain the sudden disappearance of the Arab sheikhs

who had been travelling with us until just a few minutes ago?

? All these mysteries and confusions were soon resolved in an instant, and the bitter

truth had emerged in all its horror and repugnance.

The locomotive’s agonised screech echoed through the wide valley as if announcing this vile trap to the world, and the train came to a halt where it stood.

We rushed straight to the locomotive. The track had been destroyed

by an electric bomb. This cowardly trap was set every month,

was set by the urban, who plundered the yellow gold the Turks had scraped together from their teeth and nails, following Lawrence’s instructions.

As if the trench dug in front of this train—which was rushing to the

aid of its comrades-in-arms and the Amman defence line with such

impatience—and the obstacles placed in its path were not enough,

a dense volley of rifle fire was opened from our side. Such was the nature and skill of the people who, just a moment ago, were marching in formation like a flock of cranes...

Faced with this situation, the only course of action was to ensure the train continued on its way, come what may. My

command was giving such orders.

The young and dynamic Second Lieutenant Haşim (*) was assigned to the locomotive’s

. Meanwhile, we set about devising a plan to get this convoy through the damaged track, whilst also taking countermeasures against the fellahs who were firing with all their might, seizing this opportunity as a boon. Captain Recep Bey (*) of the General Staff

seized the command of the soldiers detached from the headquarters guard and opened return fire.

Our dear doctor, Burhan Fehim, on the one hand

doctor and, on the other, as a combat officer, on the front line *(*) Lieutenant Colonel Hâşim of Balıkesir at the Ankara Ministry of the Interior.*

(*) Colonel Recep.

was performing dual duties. Within a short period of time, several wounded men had received treatment from this noble Turk, who was working alongside them just as they were.

Whilst we found ourselves in such a critical situation, as a result of a plan devised beforehand,

a pre-planned operation, a force comprising a British infantry battalion, a cavalry squadron and a mule train began raining down hellish fire upon us from close range and across the wide valley.

The hail of bullets that the British detachment had directed at the train from a

terrain, the hail of bullets it directed at the train had rendered any movement—or even the slightest twitch—impossible for a human being. The crackling of bullets striking the rails, the splintering of the carriage planks; in short, the very notion of driving a train through a devastated line under such relentless fire was beyond the bounds of reason and logic.

Under these circumstances, moving forward was suicide;

was death itself, whilst turning back would have been desertion; yet in the history written by our forefathers, there was

and could never be. Death and suicide are for the weak; it is the duty of the Turkish soldier

is the duty of the Turkish soldier.

Admittedly, there would be no difference between what is called ‘creating opportunities’ here

. Yet once one has faced death, there is nothing the son of man cannot do.

And so, the heroic officers and soldiers of the Eighth Corps headquarters set about fulfilling their duties to bring this miracle to fruition.

MOUNT MUSA! 29

The headquarters cavalry commander, Avni Bey (*), the elderly

lieutenant Suphi (*), and Niyazi Bey, along with the Corps

engineering commander

immediately opened fire on the British infantrymen, who were firing recklessly—even without taking cover—as they had cornered us in such a dire situation

at the British infantrymen who were firing recklessly on the move, without even taking up positions,

As the enemy cavalry and mules made it physically impossible for the train to proceed, they attempted to cut off the rear of the line

by cutting off the rear of the line

. Thus, capturing the corps headquarters with its entire complement would have been an extremely rewarding task for the enemy. However, the German machine guns we had positioned on the last carriage of the train

launched an effective counterattack against these reckless foes.

At headquarters, Avni, known as the ‘hero of heroes’,

, as if he were on a football pitch, deployed the headquarters infantry with cool-headed courage and self-sacrifice

From a distance of eight hundred metres, he had begun to resist

the enemy detachment, which was raking the area with fire, with

exceptional audacity. The reserve lieutenants Suphi and Niyazi

Bey, along with the fortifications commander Muslis Bey, were

positioned to the right of Avni and

left, forming a firing unit directed at the same target. They awaited the moment when

the enemy would only surrender and a white flag

fluttering over the wagons

, this unexpected heroic defence forced him to take up positions

and abandon his recklessness. With this *(*) Major Avni, head of*

the Kılıçali military recruitment office.

(*) Deputy General Manager of the Agricultural Bank.

(*) A highly patriotic and esteemed soldier who fell as a martyr whilst in captivity at Seydibeşeri.

realising that the immense and historic opportunity seized by the enemy would be squandered beyond all expectations, he began to display a ferocity mingled with rage and panic.

The cavalry and mounted troops increased their speed. The infantry began to rain down even more bullets. The infantry and machine-gun fire directed at the locomotive was

. The double sounds produced by the bullets striking the rails and iron, and the sparks they gave off, gave these men, surrounded on all sides by fire, not so much despair as strength and fury.

During this fire, we did not forget to activate

we did not forget to activate the field radio. This instrument of civilisation, extending its antenna from within the carriage,

began to relay our situation to those concerned, adding another

crackle to the din of battle.

- Tirr... Chirr... Chirr...

It was trying to contact the Fourth Army headquarters.

While the radio struggled to make its presence known across the

boundless expanse of the sky, another possibility caught our eye:

Telegraph and telephone communication...

In those days, Damascus and Medina usually communicated by

connecting a telephone set to the telegraph line. With this in mind, I

began to climb the telegraph pole standing before me. The corps

communications commander, Mehmet Ali Bey, was handing me a

portable telephone from the base of the pole.

The enemy was raining death down on the man climbing the

telegraph pole from one side, and on the antenna rising from the

carriage from the other.

at the man climbing the telegraph pole. To such an extent that I was

I was expecting the pole beneath me to snap and topple at any moment. Yes, whilst the

pole was riddled with 31 bullets from MUSA MOUNTAIN, nothing happened to me

.

Sabri Bey (*), the headquarters accounts clerk, who had taken cover

on a suitable side of the railway line, seeing me face to face with

death, was shouting with the fervour of a sincere friend, his voice

cutting through the sound of bullets:

- Cevat, hurry up!… Cevat, hurry up, or you'll be knocked down… But one thing is certain: He whom Allah does not kill

Being a novice, I managed to connect the telephone with great difficulty

and, filled with indescribable excitement and curiosity, I dialled the

number. They say hope

is never lost. Connecting any telephone to a random telegraph line to find what one is looking for is, in any case,

It was a hope that only the most optimistic people would pin their hopes on. We, who—even under the most favourable conditions—would get so frustrated at not being able to get whatever we wanted, whenever we wanted it,

, could not help but get annoyed; in this experiment, undertaken by taking such a certain risk of death

, we could only hope that God, in His mercy, would grant a positive outcome.

- Hello... Hello...

I strung together many ‘hellos’, shouting them out loud, one after another...

Amazing!

- Hellooo...

In the sacred valley of Tuba, having reached the divine address,

I was left in a state of wonder and dread, just like Moses.

(*) *Currently an accounts clerk at the War Academy.*

32. CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

In an instant, this voice, which seemed to come faintly, spread through me to the very marrow of my bones.
Unable to believe my ears, and with the same excitement as one who fears

might be a mirage, I called out in excitement:

- Hello, where is that?..

- The Fourth Army Headquarters...

- Where is the army headquarters?

- In the station building in Amman... Who are you, my dear?

- This is a point approximately ten kilometres beyond Kasır station and about five kilometres from the Amman Bridge

We are the headquarters of the Eighth Corps. I wish to speak with

the army commander urgently. The situation is critical and

dangerous.

My dear, hurry up. The roof is creaking, and I’m

is about to burst. I’m waiting for a nervous, impatient voice. Perhaps not even a second has passed. The voice of the army commander, Mersinli Cemal Pasha-

’s voice:

- I am Cemal, commander of the Fourth Army.

- Your Excellency... We are about ten kilometres past Kasır station. The line has been destroyed by bombs. We are fighting surrounded by Arabs to our east and British troops to our west. The railway line behind us has also been cut. We are doing everything we can to get the train to Amman

at any cost. What are your orders, sir?..

- I shall now dispatch a cavalry force. If they find a pass

, I shall order them to force their way through and protect you... You...

The rest of the conversation was lost. The wires snapped—the

the pole was on the verge of collapsing. I threw myself down the slope of Mount Musa 33

and immediately ran to report the army commander’s orders to the corps

commander, Ali Fuat Bey...

Captain Haşim was at work. The machine had holes in perhaps a hundred places

had been pierced. A few of the soldiers beside Haşim had been shot. The engineer was wounded too, and in the throat...

Among those fighting the Bedouins, Captain Recep was in such a

many of our men were covered in blood. Doctor Burhan Fehim, amidst this divine fire and chaos, was working—sometimes as a doctor, sometimes as a battalion commander—yet always smiling, always calm

and always cheerful. On the one hand, he was dressing the wounds, and on the other, he was telling the soldiers:

- ‘Fire at that group of enemies on the right,’ he shouted, ‘Come on, brave men, come on, lions!’

The wonders displayed by a handful of heroes fighting against an enemy a hundred times their number

—the wonders displayed by a handful of heroes fighting against an enemy a hundred to one

...

Our soldiers and the heroic officers among them,

continued to fight against those who had surrounded them, driven by the resolve for victory, hope, and the determination to push the column forward.

I ran to the locomotive. My young friend Haşim was concerned

about the machine being riddled with holes and the engineer’s

throat

wound was was was . . Along , he laid the neatly cut pieces of wood

section of the railway, he did not

. The injured engine driver, whilst trying to stem the blood flowing from his throat with his left hand, had suffered an even more agonising disaster

stammered to the people in agony and distress:

- The boiler has burst...

So all the labour we’ve expended over the past hour—

and all our efforts have now been completely ruined. In that case,

surrender and lay down our arms. No, if we have failed to advance, no one

...

I told the Arab engineer, who was a Christian, clearly and unequivocally, one by one:

- Friend! Even at the cost of your life, you must keep this engine running~

. If we die, we wish to go before God's presence together, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, with our heads held high. But if we survive, just think of the honour and glory we'll earn before the nation, our elders and history. You're wounded; either get this machine moving at once, and you'll be treated at a Turkish hospital in half an hour, or this pistol will put you out of your misery straight away...

The machine faltered. For a moment, he was dazed, caught

between life and death, between what might be and what might

not. I added:

-If you go ahead, I'll give you a hundred gold coins as well! And with a handful of gold from the veiled woman accompanying the corps guest

handful of gold from the veiled woman accompanying the corps, I

charmed the Arab machinist, I enchanted him.

- As you wish, sir...

- Corporal Mehmet, put that straight piece of wood next to

the rail.

- That won't do, mate, push it in... Don't leave a gap...

- Goodness, what a bunch of clumsy lot you are, bring over those straight-cut

... There, that’s better, hurry up, a bit of a rush...

- Come on, driver, give way. Slowly, carefully... MUSA

DAĞI 35

- Go over to the driver’s side, mate, and assist him...

Düttt.

The air rang out. This shrill sound, piercing the gunfire,

delighted and exhilarated the fighters like a declaration of

victory...

Come on, lads, to the carriages...

Most of the animals in the goods carriage attached to the rear of the locomotive

are mostly wounded. Their stamping gives the impression they are celebrating rather than feeling pain...

When the locomotive’s front wheels ground through the logs,

turning slowly, I thought stillness would come to mind.

There, the front wheels have passed safely. The second, third, and the others are passing one by one.

- Be careful. Slowly, slowly,

The locomotive has been freed. The first carriage is passing.

The second carriage is passing. The third...

I immediately jumped onto the platform of the last carriage. I

could hear Av-ni’s booming voice:

- Heavier fire... Heavier fire...

- Avni... Avni... Avni... Take your men, run to the train, we're

leaving. Like lovers unwilling to part from their beloved's

embrace, he couldn't tear himself away from the train's speed.

- Avni, cease fire... Get into the carriage...

On the right and left, there are Muhlis, Niyazi and Suphi Bey with their soldiers. We're shouting to them too:

- Friends, get back to the carriages, the train is leaving.

The heroic Avni, with great difficulty, managed to catch up and

threw himself onto the step of carriage 36 CEVAT RIFAT

ATİLHAN

, thinking more of his soldiers than of himself and trying to save them.

- 'Hurry up,' I'm telling you, 'hurry... Be quick... Stop dawdling,

run,' he was shouting.

The train shot forward like an arrow released from a bow, so fast

for there was no longer any chance of Suphi, Muhlis or Niyazi making it out alive. They had been left to the enemy as if they were the ransom for this great miracle...

On the landing, the German machine guns were firing their final

salutes at the enemy, who stood gaping in disbelief at the

realisation of this miracle.

- Fener... Feuer... Fener...

-Düttt... Dütt... Düttt...

We are flying over valleys, plains and slopes, wound by wound. We are moving away from the comrades left behind and drawing closer to those awaiting us ahead.

The column advances with the unstoppable speed of a panther freed from its cage,

speed, yet this advance bears no resemblance to the pace of a wood-fired train during the Great War.

We're gliding at seventy, eighty, a hundred kilometres an hour, flying—

. The engine, letting out three consecutive screams, reminds us that it is sliding down a slope and begs for the brakes to be applied.

Where is the one who understands this? Where are the brakes? What

... On the contrary , look ahead a and below deep a bridge. We must cross it slowly. Even

that treacherous hand that planted the bomb has reached that far

too... Then what good will the miracle we've created do? We'll all

tumble into the abyss together and create a massive grave there...

MOUNT MUSA 37

The engine charged onto the bridge at breakneck speed. It's flying,

We haven't reached the other side yet. The carriages it's dragging

behind are crossing the bridge one by one. By the time we reached

the bridge in the last carriage, the locomotive had already crossed to

the other side... So the enemy's hand hasn't touched this place yet—

We had done so. Thank goodness we'd got past that; now we were

to get past the British troops surrounding (Amman).

We could see the enemy's entire rear detachment. They were

flying at a terrifying speed, we had already entered the Turkish lines by the time we determined the nature of this column.

The extraordinary nature of our situation can be gauged by the fact

by the fact that the enemy had no time to catch this terrifying hunt, nor to erect a barrier in its path, nor even to open fire. The task we had accomplished was astonishingly vast and magnificent...

AMMAN UNDER SIEGE

As the train sped into Amman, like birds that had found their mates,

suddenly slowed down and adopted a natural gait. This was due neither to the driver's skill nor to the application of brakes that were no longer effective. Allah had aided those who overcame insurmountable obstacles,

, making the impossible possible, creating a miracle that left the

enemy gaping in awe; God had aided them and rewarded them by

placing a gentle slope, a ramp, in their path.

Now, like an aeroplane gliding from the heights, we

. We see the heavy loads and supply convoys in the valleys from a bird's-eye view, as if from an aeroplane. In the state of these transport

convoys, in the state of these people in the rear services, there are poignant meanings, and in their demeanour, there are points that touch the heart. What

do they seem likely to rush after the assault units ready to charge forward, nor do they appear set to retreat in disarray. Rather, they are bewildered like pilgrims stranded in Arafat, yet they await the outcome with steadfastness, confident they will weather this calamity. Should, God forbid, a failure occur in the future, there will be no possibility of retreat, just as there was none for Tariq ibn Ziyad during his campaign in Al-Andalus.

With weapons in hand, amidst the storm of war, the consciousness and will of men

cells and every nerve fibre of their brains are set ablaze, their consciousness and will are fixed on a single point: to triumph... They have no time to think of retreat, nor of the other manifestations of war. Yet behind them, those who are cunning and who, at the wheel of their fate, submit

to the course of fate, are somewhat bewildered, just like people with their hands and feet bound. Behold the reflections in our minds of the

...

Twisting and turning, gliding and gliding, we slowly entered

Amman.

The army commander and his staff were waiting for us at the

station; having broken through the double siege, we had brought

several hundred soldiers,

a few wagons of provisions and a considerable amount of ammunition.

The reception of the convoy was filled not so much with gratitude for the provisions

but rather with feelings of joy and gratitude expressed towards a saviour. For the situation of the soldiers remaining under siege in Amman had become extremely delicate and

dangerous. Facing an enemy with a twenty-to-one numerical advantage,

the Turkish contingent, fighting with unprecedented heroism and self-sacrifice

Turkish unit, which was fighting with unprecedented heroism and self-sacrifice against an enemy holding a twenty-to-one numerical advantage,

MOUNT MUSA 39

The arrival of the corps, which had reached Amman by breaking through two enemy lines and crossing a damaged railway line,

had a greater moral than material impact; it boosted the soldiers' enthusiasm and determination, and was regarded as a harbinger of victory for the heroic defenders.

The fresh and vigorous soldiers of the corps headquarters, along

with ammunition in wagons, were immediately dispatched to the

front line.

The highly valuable silver Mecidiye coins, kept in the corps

treasury, were dispatched to the front to be distributed to the

combatants just like the ammunition.

Yes, in the name of the homeland's glory and honour, and the

sacred historical honour of the Turkish flag, the pure gold—

scraped together by the true Turk, who could not bring himself

to eat it, having come from the snowy climes of Erzurum, Van

or Si-

, who had come from the snowy climes to fight in these hellishly hot places, had scraped together from their very teeth and nails, and could not bring themselves to eat—rather than scattering these yellow gold coins to the greedy, two-faced, insatiable and avaricious Bedouins and buying their dubious friendship, the immense benefit of ensuring the soldiers' rations

to the soldiers' rations—this great benefit had become abundantly

clear from the Battle of Amman...

ON THE FRONT LINE

The corps commander is heading to the front line to observe the

fighting at close quarters, in accordance with orders received from

the army.

I am accompanying him. We are climbing a

hill. Now we are not amidst the sounds of cannons and rifles, but amidst the

We are now amidst the flashes of cannon and rifle fire. A constant roar, a duel between the artillery on both sides, and unceasing infantry and machine-gun fire...

The same command, the same energy and the same faith everywhere...

- More intense fire...

We are looking for the commander of these heroes. Major

Asım Bey (*) is not at the rear. In truth, there is no ‘front’ or ‘rear’ in this matter... Yet one would not expect to find a brigade commander at an observation post or in a trench. Yet Asım

Bey is right in the thick of the fire, at the very heart of the battle, managing the war with a tremendous courage, a tremendous

composure, and a commendable knowledge and poise. Those who see him amidst the fire might think he is engaged in some manoeuvre rather than a fierce battle

... But one must not be deceived. We are facing a vast enemy force, outnumbering us twenty to one. We are facing an enemy equipped with modern artillery brought in by the fresh reinforcements, with excellent provisions, ample ammunition, great numbers, and, naturally, high morale.

The enemy is pressing north of Amman. It has

has concentrated the bulk of its forces there. If it manages to breach the defences here and enter the city, it will have won the war and may even play a decisive role

...

- Bang... Bang. Bang.

A sound like thunder and a crack like lightning. It hits right in front of us, so close that perhaps we are spared only because we are within the angle of deflection. The ground we are on is stony. Shrapnel scattered around, along with a multitude of stone fragments, is seeking a body to latch onto.

(*) General Staff Provincial Commander Lieutenant General Asım.

There, in the midst of hell, we hear Asım Bey's unflinching voice. He explains as if nothing had happened.

- The enemy was pressing our right flank yesterday. Having failed to achieve a positive result there, today they are applying the same tactic to our left flank... And pointing it out.

- There are the artillerymen behind those ridges...

And as if to say 'yes', five or six howitzer shells follow—

...The dust and smoke in front of us have cleared once more. There are many wounded.

A battery commander standing beside the division commander, Captain Sami Bey (*), is giving orders.

- Explosive shrapnel!...

- Range 1700. Direction 35 degrees to the right of the original!

- In a staggered formation (*).

- Elevation angle 16.

And the guns roar one after another with hellish fury and intensity.

- Cross-fire range 1900.

-Fire.

And a new apocalypse...

Artillery Commander Sami Bey was at the battery's telescope;

we were managing things so smoothly and calmly! Suddenly,

the impact hit. The enemy artillery position—

The silence and stillness that had fallen indicated that the Turkish artillery's carefully rationed ammunition was not being wasted.

(*) Artillery lieutenant colonel at Davutpaşa

Barracks, (*) *Endaht. Firing, discharging*

weapons. 42 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

I am still amazed by the naturalness and silence

I am still amazed by the naturalness and calmness he displayed. In his aim, his commands were decisive, and

an indescribable courage and composure in his operations

.

As a company from the German assault group to his right

attempted to advance,

, while Mr Sami’s voice completed the harmony.

- Fire with the battery...

The Turkish artillery was covering the infantry, who had shifted

from defence to attack, with effective fire.

Suddenly, on the left flank of the front, a storm, a whirlwind

erupted. Just as a final assault was expected from the enemy force

gathered at the city’s most vulnerable point, the Turkish units were

seen to surge forward suddenly. The enemy artillery had

concentrated all its fire on the infantry, who were covering one

another with fire, and had turned all its batteries against these

attacking units.

Major Asım Bey called out to Captain Sami, the battery

commander standing right beside him:

- ‘Open fire on the enemy batteries to your left,

and then ordered the other batteries via telephone to provide cover for the left flank attack.

They were barely managing to hold their positions and

to hold off the powerful enemy, who stood before them with a great advantage, until reinforcements arrived

was considered a great blessing, whilst the Turkish infantry's lightning-fast

leaping from their positions and charging forward is one of the rarest events recorded in the annals of military history.

Commander Asım Bey ordered his aide. MUSA

MOUNTAIN. 43

- Inform them by telephone that the regiment on the right flank should manage the situation in accordance with the left flank's attack and improve and adjust their positions by advancing their centre.

From both sides, artillery, machine-gun and infantry fire raged like a madman, spewing hell, spewing death

and the ceaseless, ear-splitting crackle was shaking the earth and the heavens. Piercing through this fire and storm, mingling in the infinity of the heavens and rising above all the din

resounded through the air...

- Allah, Allah, Allah.

Shining bayonets and heroes striving to raise their voices to God

had stormed the enemy trenches.

From that day on, soldiers who were heroes through and through, brave through and through,

closed the chapter of a victory under the command of a peerless commander like Asım Bey.

When the sun spread across the Palestinian plain the following morning, it was seen that the enemy, who had previously laid such a fierce and fearsome siege to Amman, had vanished.

Back to where they had come from. They had retreated to the

western banks of the Jordan River. There is no doubt that the Third

Cavalry Division, under the command of Esad Bey (*), played a

very significant part in this success.

Those who witnessed Colonel Esâd Bey during the Second Battle of Gaza

witnessed a cavalry brigade under the command of this brave and noble commander advancing in close formation deep into the enemy's rear. Those who saw him charging fearlessly into the enemy ranks bear witness that, even in this difficult situation, he once again

They were right to expect such self-sacrifice. Indeed

(*) The late Esâd Pasha, former Governor of Istanbul.

The Third Cavalry Division had advanced all the way from the outskirts of Jerusalem to (Amman)

, and as the smoke, which had swept in like a bolt of lightning, was threatening their retreat route and flanks in a dangerous manner, the British were forced to withdraw

.

The Turkish units, shifting from defence to attack and then to the

advance, marched unhindered from Salt to the Jordan Valley

. Asım Bey's units were in pursuit of the enemy, and the corps headquarters was following Asım Bey. We passed through two Chechen villages

, we emerged onto the road to Salt. We are galloping across a vast

plateau.

To our right, nature’s most magnificent vistas seem to celebrate our victory

, smiling upon our faces. Beneath a deep blue sky, an emerald-green landscape and a nature so exquisitely crafted it resembles a miniature painting... Even though it is February, there is a scorching sun and a grace not seen

.

After such a gruelling struggle, and amidst so much hardship and

sorrow, one feels as though reborn in the face of this beautiful

scenery and fine weather.

In the face of these indescribable beauties that bring joy to the soul,

are not lacking in painful examples that remind one of the transience and futility of life...

That camel lying wounded on this road, its massive body bowed, and

beside it a soldier whose face, parched by the heat, has swollen

crimson...

Clearly, having strayed from his path when the camel he was herding was wounded,

a stray bullet has forever closed his eyes to these beautiful vistas, in this place of pristine air.

MOUNT MUSA! 4 5

As if reluctant to leave the allure of this sunny land, having come from misty and cloudy climes, it lies lifeless and motionless...

This mountain, having crossed seas and climates to reach as far as Amman

and there placed the Turkish soldiers in a difficult position

. The response shown to him by the Turks was not hatred or resentment, but mercy and compassion. Perhaps to pass by that unknown enemy—who might have been a mother's only treasure—with a glance of contempt would not have been befitting our honour and nobility

. We could not leave him to the hypocritical and savage glances of

dogs, who grin and fawn at a man for a morsel of bread.

Dogs... Yes, people often love them as faithful animals. It is true that they fawn and crawl at our feet for a bone or a morsel of meat. But let us

let us look at an enemy. Here is the most painful example. Perhaps these very creatures were the first to surround that enemy soldier, who just an hour ago was alive, full of life and cheerful.

Turkish children, just an hour ago, lifted the enemy who had fired at them

just like a friend, like a fellow countryman, with care and without disgust, without pinching their noses, they lifted him from the ground, dug a grave with the spades and shovels at their waists, and

... It is because of our indifference and our

, the Turkish soldier—who had been slandered in a thousand ways

slander from civilised nations, climbed without hesitation to the top of a tree, plucked some green branches, placed a wreath of war upon this fresh grave, and then

to the horizons that awaited him. Turk, true Turk, what a noble being you are...

We are passing through Salttan. In this town, where the enemy enjoyed himself for a short while,

there is a strange bewilderment. The enemy, whose victory they celebrated yesterday, has today withdrawn

... The people have neither cursed the bells for this uncertain situation

cursed those who left nor fawned over those who arrived... Perhaps they are awaiting stability. Nevertheless, they do not neglect to offer the soldiers their golden-yellow, sun-dried grapes. Without lingering here, the corps headquarters continues its march

Nemrine. In the evening,

, we pitch our tents on the edge of a deep valley teeming with jackals, hyenas and all manner of wild beasts.

The commander of the assembled brigade, Kaymak Ömer Lütfü Bey (*)

famous goats also stay with us for a short while. Ömer Lütfü Bey is a noble commander who embodies all the virtues of Turkish courage—

all the virtues of Turkish courage in his very being. In battle, he is certainly more cool-headed than our footballers? And in the truest sense of the word, a gentleman

soldier in the truest sense...

A physique as strong as steel, reminiscent of the Turkish ideal of strength—

cut. Here are the eleven purebred Maltese goats that nourish this steel-like body. Their fresh milk reaches this vigorous body even in the most remote corners and at the height of the battle;

can manage without them, nor can the commander manage without them.

Infantry and cavalry divisions have taken up positions on the southern banks of the Jordan Valley. The enemy, on the opposite bank of the Jordan River, could be glimpsed ahead of the Jordan Pass, near the Jericho-Salt road, comprising only a small part of this force.

They had come from these positions to (Amman) and, on their return, had settled

.

The days passed quite calmly. This silence was broken only by the artillery of both sides. Just as a new attack could not be expected from an enemy that had retreated and had not yet settled into its old defensive line, a swift (*) *MP from Afyon.*

MUSA MOUNTAIN, 47

advance, a counter-attack from our side could not be expected to be launched

From the Şerîa plain, situated a few hundred metres below sea level, our soldiers found themselves for a time face to face with the fire and harshness of nature

for a while.

Now a scorching spring reigns. Whilst snow has not yet melted on

the other side of the world, here

the crops have grown taller than a man, lush and green... Were it not for the exchange of artillery fire, life would go on as if on a journey or in the countryside

. However, no one pays heed to the roar; everyone awaits the new events that the coming nights will bring. This

wait did not last long; the Turkish army, having quickly regrouped,

regained its offensive strength and deemed it necessary to recapture

the fortified British positions situated on the forward side of the Şeria

Bridge towards us. This necessity stemmed from the need to establish

a more coherent, orderly and suitable defensive line

.

An order to prepare for the attack was issued to the cavalry units

and all units under the command of the 4th Army. The

commander of the 48th Division, stationed at Wadi al-Abyad,

was to be delivered by a trusted officer, informing him of his duties in the attack set to begin at dawn.

If this order is not issued in good time, one wing of the front will be left unguarded, the flanks of the other wings will be exposed, and the attack will be deprived of its most crucial force

.

However clear the Palestinian sky and however bright the stars

, the gloom of the night spread like a black curtain over the landscape. As wild beasts watching the night in the valleys and deep ravines began to stir, the Turkish

troops had moved to their assembly positions. 48 ..

CEVAT RİFÂT ATİLHAN

Now it was time to find the officer who would carry the order to

the 48th Division. The commanders of the Fourth Army and the

Eighth Corps

showed such high trust and favour as to entrust

. The army commander said:

- ‘Cevat, my son,’ he said. ‘Our trust in you is boundless. You must

realise what a catastrophe it would cause

. Let me see you get there on time. Go on, may God keep your path clear...

This task, which seemed simple, was of the utmost importance.

For navigating through the countless inlets, outcrops and depressions of the vast Jordan Valley in the dead of night, slipping past British patrols and reaching one's destination without incident

was a highly difficult and dangerous undertaking.

The danger was incalculable. On a Turkish battlefield

one might gladly give one's life. But to be wounded or killed whilst failing to deliver a crucial order that would alter the fate of an entire army—that would indeed be the greatest of disasters.

The cavalry regiment commander, Osman Bey (*), placed the ten Turkish soldiers he had personally selected

to my command. When we set out from the Teli River into the Jordan Valley, I gave the soldiers the following instructions:

- Comrades, our task is of the utmost importance and delicacy.

If we make a single mistake or act carelessly, we will be responsible

for the blood of thousands of our comrades. We will locate the

headquarters of the 48th Division

headquarters. Pay close attention and listen carefully with all your might. Obey my orders and even my signals very strictly—

(*) Former commander of the Third Army, currently a general.

Proceed. Be alert; should you spot a shadow on the road

, do not panic or rush. Let those opposite us call out to us... Who is it is! ask a voice we we'll realise that it is one of us, our

friends. I will answer them. But if they speak to you in a language other than Turkish, you will realise they are the enemy, and you must not answer them.
Four

we try to move forward and not lose sight of one another. And I

repeated:

- If we shout ‘Who is that man you see!’

we would have betrayed the army by revealing our own identity. The pure-blooded

Turkish men of the Ödemiş, Izmir and Aydın regions

spurred their mules. We are galloping at full speed. I have never

felt such excitement in any battle before—

I feel a sense of caution and timidity that I’ve never shown anywhere else.
I am not the least bit afraid of being caught or shot

. Am I afraid? No! But I know with every fibre of my being that the

courage and recklessness I might display here

will cost the army dearly; I am proceeding by keeping my nerves under control and gathering all my foresight and attention.

The Turkish courage I read in the faces and demeanours of the

ten horsemen following behind me does not fail to encourage one

to attack an enemy many times one’s own size...

But we do not succumb to our emotions; we press on. The

has engulfed the surroundings in its utter blackness. We can see nothing on the dirt tracks. If we veer slightly towards the river, there is a danger of falling into the clutches of the British

patrols, so we are proceeding cautiously along the mountains. Yet this caution has led us to such steep hills that we could not have climbed them on foot in daylight—50 CEVAT RİFÂT ATİLHAN

. The fluttering of eagles and the frantic flight of vultures left us in awe. We have reached the mountain peaks. We do not know where we are.
How shall we find the Valley of Ebyaz

? In this darkness, in this unknown land, the valley is a dime a dozen; come and pick out your Ebyaz. The regiment must have its outposts here

. I'm shouting at the top of my voice:

- Guard! Guard!

I shout ten times, a hundred times. Like a Bedouin searching for God

in the desert, I receive no answer. A sense of dread has settled over

me.

The army has placed its trust in us and entrusted us with the most vital of duties. In the name of caution, we have climbed God's mountains. It is certainly better to die here, lost and causing a disaster, than to die in the plain by an enemy

in the plain. At least they'll say we fell as martyrs in the line of duty. So we must descend to the plain at once. But without even realising it in our excitement,

from these hills on horseback is such a difficult

a thing... Sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, leaving ourselves to the natural instincts of the animals, we made our way down to the plain amidst a thousand difficulties. With our comrades, we found the spoils of the sunset—

We were so happy.

We carry on our way. Half an hour later,

we spotted some dark shapes. Turning back is absolutely out of the question. Moving forward in the open is dangerous. What shall we do? We spaced the horsemen two metres apart and set off at a gallop. It became clear that the dark shapes were a cavalry reconnaissance patrol.

We passed within about a hundred metres of them, but whose troops were they? They were quite far apart, almost scattered, and moving slowly. When we came alongside them, not a sound was heard. No one asked us for identification, neither in Turkish nor in English. If these were Turkish cavalry, then woe betide us; we had missed a great opportunity, for from them we could have reached Wadi al-Eb-

Valley and forty-eighth division headquarters where was we could easily have found out, and might even have managed to get a guide

. But if these were British cavalry, we would have narrowly avoided

a major disaster.

We galloped for a long distance. The shadows were

vanished . Quite wide a road perpendicular a valley . Could this be the place we're looking for? Come, let's open the map in this pitch-black night

and try to pinpoint our location. But if this is the place we're looking for, there must surely be patrols and outposts in these parts. So I'm shouting once more:

- Sentry!... Sentryyyy!... Sentryyyy!...

The streams echo back, the jackals howl. But there is no human voice. We press on. We crossed countless streams, large and small, mounds and obstacles,

The sergeant standing beside me suddenly called out:

- Captain, Captain.

-What is it?

- There’s a group moving over there on your left.

Yes, we can see a dark shape, but it doesn’t seem to be moving

much. It’s not clear whether it’s a person or a herd of animals. Let’s

walk a bit further and we’ll find out.

Very cautiously as we go the shadow grew it has stabilised, it shrank. It almost vanished. As we passed through its lines

a loud noise, resembling a tenor’s voice, erupted.

-Halt...

There they are, the English; they’re telling us to stop. There’s no stopping, nor

answering. We spurred the weary horses on once more,

.

From our left, a tremendous crackling sound rang out:

-Clack... Clack. Clack. Clack...

Those who remain are veterans, those who fell are martyrs. We’re fleeing this hail of fire at full gallop

. There is no longer any darkness, no sound of machine-gun fire, nor anyone among us with a bleeding nose. To have survived such an ambush

single drop of blood is, frankly, a stroke of luck.

If only God would grant us the luck to find that division headquarters as

well. We’d perhaps covered a distance of two kilometres. At a

bend, we suddenly came face to face with a column of cavalry.

Now neither fleeing nor running—nothing, no precaution—will avail. If there is a single remedy, it is to fight, if possible

to eliminate the enemy before us and carry the order to the unit with the

survivors. It was in such a desperate situation, just as our excitement was

reaching its peak,

, we heard a sound that spread from our ears

and into every fibre of our nerves:

- Who is that!

Thank goodness, we've finally made it out. So the people we'd

come face to face with—so close we couldn't escape them—

weren't Azrael

but angels who would come to our aid. They appeared before us like Khizr, asking us our identity in our own language. They were our comrades-in-arms who, amidst the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah,

and for the homeland.

Undoubtedly, this encounter brought a sense of relief

. We drew closer to one another. At the head of the

was Lieutenant Baha Bey, the 48th Division's adjutant, at Musa Dağı. 53

was there. (*) We found on the ground what we had sought in the

heavens. We were apparently very close to the division

headquarters. Such is fate...

In war and everywhere, we are under his command. And so, amidst these pitch-black darknesses, on a road flanked on one side by mountains and on the other by countless terrain obstacles, it was destined that we should land right on top of what we were seeking.

The veil of darkness is lifting, dawn is drawing near step by step;

the army had reached its positions of readiness.

The first rays of the sun struck the still, moss-covered waters of the Jordan River

and the thousands of small hills, which had once been a single mass and now took on distinct shapes, emerging from the place that served as a grave for the people of Lot—

A new apocalypse had broken out on the plains, and the Jordan

River had become the scene of a new gathering of the faithful.

As the sun cast its golden rays from the peaks of Mount Tur,

, the Turkish soldiers launched an assault on the enemy positions with a horror beyond description. The objective of this assault, which began at the first light of dawn, was to drive the enemy—

and to drive the enemy across to the opposite bank of the river, as well as to capture their fortified positions.

An army that had retreated from these very areas to Amman a month earlier

and had only just managed to extricate themselves from a rather distressing and gruelling struggle there, such a sudden and fierce

is a heroic feat befitting the Turkish army. This heroism, when met with treachery—

and the Turk was not dealt a treacherous blow to the leg; it has invariably culminated in success and honour at all times and in all places.

(*) Captain in the Presidential Guard Regiment.

That morning, the Turkish Army, having taken every precaution

had taken every possible precaution to catch the enemy unawares that morning; yet, upon seeing the foe awake and seemingly expecting such an assault, the Turkish army perhaps attributed this

judged the enemy to be too alert and cautious, or perhaps attributed it to the fortunes of war. Before speculating on such fortunes, it is essential to follow the course of events.

That day, the columns descending from the hills into the plain and emerging from the valleys

approached their target flawlessly and without fail. Those who, in the sweetest hours of the morning's sleep,

, were met with a sudden and extremely

fierce fire, as if they had fallen into an ambush. No one was asleep, and the enemy was ready and on the alert, as if they had been forewarned of the attack.

The flames spreading from the Ser Bridge positions on the Jordan were so intense they would have prevented a man from even lifting his nose

. Despite this, soldiers leapt forward in platoon after platoon, company after company, pushing right up to the enemy's barbed wire; as the Turks were forced to rely more on bayonets than firearms to achieve the result, the fire came predominantly from the enemy. This fire mowed down many

and many heroes, in their charging leaps!

- crying 'Allah, Allah' as they met their Maker.

The enemy had subjected the routes and directions we were forced to take

, the attack had encountered great difficulties. The Turkish artillery had engaged in a fierce duel with the enemy artillery positions established at the Ser Bridge. The Hungarian artillery, skilfully positioned at suitable points

had effectively placed the enemy's reserve and reinforcement units under effective fire.

The tremendous onslaught witnessed in the Turkish infantry columns was so fierce and powerful

to overturn the enemy. With this force, soldiers who had penetrated as far as the very front trenches of the enemy had overrun many forward outposts and positions and reached the main position. What was happening here could only be described as a struggle

had pushed right up to the enemy's front lines, overrunning numerous forward outposts and positions, and had reached the main defensive line. What was happening there could only be described as a hand-to-hand struggle. Locked in combat, bayonet to bayonet, claw to claw, both sides were fighting with all their might in this bloody battle, striving to bring it to a conclusion in their favour as soon as possible.

The violence of the battle had reached such a point that the Jordan

River, which had once flowed proudly and calmly, had turned red

from the blood of those it had washed away.

At the very heart of the conflict,

officers and commanders had gathered, focusing all their energy and willpower on securing victory. Turkish cavalrymen were galloping recklessly across the plains, threatening the enemy's rear and flanks.

The army commander ordered the regiments at the centre to increase their pressure, regardless of the cost, and to press the bridgehead one more time, instructing District Governor Atıf Bey to do so.

to increase their pressure and to press the bridgehead one more time

to instruct the district governor, Atıf Bey, to ensure that the units in the centreincreased their pressure at all costs and pressed the bridgehead once more.

I am galloping through crops taller than a man . So many bullets

are raining down that I realise the animal beneath me

has become bewildered and developed an excessive sensitivity born of fear. Amidst this horror, amidst this noise and hell, I glanced back for a moment and saw that the commander of the headquarters,

, Commander Avni, with his cavalry in hot pursuit, was charging at full gallop towards the infantry trenches; it was hardly possible to hold back such a hero. Seeing that the fighting was heating up

, his eyes had gone dark; having lost his will, he was flying at full speed alongside his horsemen.

‘Avni, where are you going?

- To the fight.

- Who did you leave the headquarters to?

- To God...

And he plunged right into the heart of hell. Then, leaving his horses behind, he mingled with the infantry; a lion in a cage is hard to restrain. Avni was just such a commander...

I see no benefit in drawing up the balance sheet of that day’s battle

here or in detailing the state of the army. What is important for

us is to compare the result achieved through great effort and

sacrifice.

Although these results may appear to be due to technical reasons, the outcome—achieved at the cost of bloodshed—was entirely at odds with the fact that every possible precaution had been taken that day to secure victory and no technical errors had been made.

When this outcome was considered, it was noted that nothing had

come to mind at the time, and that the only thing that had come to

mind was the idea that the great pressure exerted had

the had , at strike at hitting as a misfortune.

Just as in Palestine, during the Great War, many disasters occurred

on all fronts across the world, the true nature of which was only

understood later.

Now everyone knows that the weapon in the enemy's hands

most terrifying, most dangerous is hidden disasters that give rise to causes in other words, SPYING...

It was only later that the Turkish army realised it was fighting

two enemies at once on the Syrian Front during the Great War.

The Palestine and Syria fronts. These are the areas where intrigues were

and where spies were engaged in more intense activity. The Ottoman governments made no distinction

and the colonies, and treated the Turks

and other Ottomans, they are responsible for the events we shall later examine with

astonishment and horror—MUSA MOUNTAIN. 57

...

Spring is slowly, slowly giving way to summer. Here—

the difference between spring and summer is determined only by the thermometers, and the sun, like fires unable to contain their speed, increases its heat and intensity many-fold, so much so that descending from the highlands and hills into the Şefia plain gives one the feeling of stepping into an oven.

Admittedly, most of our units and our headquarters were stationed

at quite high altitudes during this season. Even in this hellish

valley. We were all thinking of nothing but the turn of events in our favour

and the realisation of the final victory.

Final victory is a watchword of the Great War. However it may

manifest itself, the verdict history will deliver is sufficient for us.

The Turks have displayed a level of self-sacrifice, heroism and chivalry on all fronts of the World War that no nation

in any era. Whether they call us victors or vanquished in that fateful war, the exceptional courage, boundless endurance and humanity we have displayed will, in any case, be of little value.

Days and weeks passed.

More empty, more trying days. More scorching sun, more exile

and deep silence...

Yet the silence of these weary people, struggling against this stillness,

harbours terrifying meanings, as if foretelling the great storms about to rage across the seas.

We are in the fourth year of the World War. Now, one day

It feels as long as a year to a person. Especially a day spent in

idleness... 58 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

Fire and storm were not pleasant or enjoyable things, but this struggle, waged for the sake of the Turk’s eternal glory and honour and the dignity of the homeland,

this struggle was undoubtedly more than enough to keep those who regard death as trivial for the sake of that honour from sitting idly by

and the veil that this commotion casts over the human nerves and

mind numbs and makes one forget

and loneliness. We are awaiting a storm from this

silence.

Here it it and the British attack this silence , this revived the stillness and roused the lions anew.

This time, the enemy, whose turn it was to attack,

, had moved all its forces north of the Jordan River and, having identified the weakest point of the Turkish front,

had advanced all the way to Salta from the right flank of the 48th Infantry Division.

This advance was undoubtedly based on intelligence that

understood the army's situation very closely, rather than on the

then-weak aerial reconnaissance. Through the wide valleys running

parallel to the Nemrin Valley and over Mount Yuşa, they advanced

to the rear of Sait—

The enemy's manoeuvres, which forced the Fourth Army's headquarters at Şen to withdraw, leaving it in a precarious position,

was clearly well-versed in all the intricacies of the front-line situation. Consequently, by overrunning our weak forward outposts and defences in a single stroke, they had penetrated deep behind the 8th Corps' front and had even dislodged the army headquarters from its position.

Having done this, he also launched an attack from the front against the 48th and reinforced divisions with substantial infantry and massive

cavalry units, it had launched an attack from the front against the 48th and the assembled divisions...

MOUNT MUSA 59

If this situation is considered from a technical perspective,

the corps, whose line of retreat had been dangerously cut off, was obliged to abandon this defensive line immediately and establish a new front further back, in Amman. This was a military and tactical necessity. However, the Eighth Corps did not do so. It accepted a fierce defence of the front and took up positions in the rear, much like a besieged fortified

positions, but in doing so, it weakened its own strength. The enemy

found the Eighth Corps' front line

.

The enemy, who had been galloping recklessly behind the corps'

front, was stunned to see that the Turkish front had not collapsed; he

could not advance and could not penetrate the gap.

A fierce, a very fierce battle began.

The Austrian cavalry and massive infantry forces filling the

Jordan Valley attacked the 48th and the assembled division's

fronts with all their speed and ferocity.

The air force was operating at a level far exceeding the norm—

to such an extent that at certain points they were flying so low they seemed to be skimming the hills. This audacity indicated that they had entered

.

The enemy, having completely outflanked the rear of the 48th Division’s right flank

completely encircling the rear of the 48th Corps, and after a successful yet perilous manoeuvre, finding that the Turks had not even stirred from their positions, they fell into a state of panic and astonishment

. This panic, naturally, turned to violence, and violence to fury.

The British artillery, with all its might and heavy guns,

With all their fury and the full might of their arsenal, 60. CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

had targeted our trenches, creating hellish scenes. Under the cover of these

fires, the British, who had pushed their way right up to the front lines, engaged in many fierce bayonet-to-bayonet

bloody bayonet-to-bayonet

The British had concentrated their attacks mainly on the front of

the 2nd Division. It seems they knew that the positions occupied

by this division were, in terms of numbers, weaker and

that the positions it held were more suitable for them. If there was one thing they did not know and had not anticipated, it was the Turks’ astonishing resistance, which was repeated here as well.

One force, surging forward like raging seas, and the other,

resisting like unbreakable walls, the two forces clashed against one another, creating bloody tides and ebbs,

At one point, this wave reached the strongest point of the Turkish trenches; bayonets were tearing bodies apart, butt-ends were shattering skulls, but this wall did not crumble, did not waver... A new Plevne had been born in Palestine, a new Gallipoli had come into being—

...

The commander of the assembled brigade, District Governor Ömer Lütfü

Bey; this commander, as strong as a Turk, as brave as a lion and as gentlemanly as the noblest of men, was seen at one point grappling throat-to-throat with enemy troops. Yes, a brigade commander, amongst the infantry ranks and in the bayonet charge... Ömer

Lütfü Bey; after shattering the enemy's heaviest assault against our

trenches piece by piece, he explains over the telephone:

The British major is a giant of a man. Brave, daring and strong, he pounced on me and reached for my helmet.

Mr Ömer Lütfü grabbed this burly soldier by the throat

and hurled him over the trenches like a rubber ball. Later, when I met the British Major Jak Dempsey in a hospital in Beirut, he said to me:

- I am still in awe of your battalion commander's courage, his composure

and the strength of his wrist. Having witnessed

all, I have witnessed yet another national and racial virtue, and I have learnt once again what a gentlemanly nation the Turks are. When we came face to face with this commander,

, my eye fell upon the pistol at his waist.

However, he saw no need to use it and did not deem it befitting his honour

to shoot a soldier who had fallen to the ground. He then paid me a compliment as if I were a friend: 'This is a chivalry befitting only the Turks...'

The bravery and heroism displayed by the other members of the Turkish corps

was in no way inferior to his own.

The Seventh Cavalry Regiment under the command of Major Mehmet Bey,

regiment, the sixth cavalry regiment under the command of Major Ferhat Bey, and the Ester cavalry regiment under the command of Osman Bey

were equally worthy of praise.

When the Sixth Regiment advanced from the Wadi Ebyaz and the Seventh Regiment from the Kefir Valley into the Jordan Valley, they faced British cavalry forces perhaps ten times their number. In the face of these difficult circumstances, our

and, in the fourth year of the war,

had not been provided with adequate rations, yet each charged their enemies fearlessly with sabres as thick as an elephant's trunk.

Such magnificent scenes unfolded in the Jordan Valley

that, even whilst watching them from afar, one might think one's nerves would snap and one's heart would stop from the excitement.

would snap and that one's heart would stop from the excitement.

Mounted on small-framed yet mighty native horses—

mounted on massive British and Australian

riding massive horses, one might expect the Turks to be cut down by a single blow to the chest or a single spear, yet Arzu

It was evident that a handful of horsemen were wielding their lances with a majesty and bravery reminiscent of Attila's cavalry, whilst making very cautious

.

We witnessed the finest example of courage and morale triumphing over material strength

in the battles of the Jordan.

It is impossible to overlook the Turkish artillerymen. Each

and every gun in the batteries was facing off against enemy artillerymen who had taken up positions in ambush behind countless nameless hills

.

From behind every nameless hill, an anonymous volcano erupted,

and from hidden positions, fire and fury were unleashed upon the

enemy.

The enemy, whose advance we were constantly watching from the

rear, had for some reason not entered the Salt-Eriha road. A

detachment from the 7th Cavalry Regiment, accompanied by the

cavalry commander of the headquarters, Avni,

and the German Asian Group's troops were monitoring the rear of the Eighth Corps and safeguarding the corps' security

.

From morning until night, bloody and fierce battles raged. The

enemy had become pinned down on the front. Now

, those who had cut off our retreat route from the rear would have been exposed to danger.

As the sun withdrew from the sullen, sullen horizons that day

The toll of the battle was nothing more than the profuse shedding of blood on both sides.

The night passed with great caution. The soldiers were both holding their ground against the fire from the front and keeping watch over the rear.

For this reason, both forward and rear sentry posts had been

established.

As dawn broke, the guns opened fire simultaneously. And once

again, the fighting continued without pause or respite throughout

the entire spring day.

On this second day, the enemy had increased their pressure

slightly, whilst the Turks had strengthened their defensive

capabilities.

The air forces on both sides, heedless of the danger to those fighting below,

roared their engines with a pride and ambition that paid no heed to the danger below, as if they were crawling over the hills. A few aircraft from both sides plunged from the sky to the ground and then into eternity.

When the sun had set and the surroundings were once again

shrouded in darkness, there was

. Only the enemy, carrying out some show of force behind the Eighth Corps, had been reduced to a state of bewilderment in the darkness, unsure of what to do in the face of harassment from our weak detachments.

Especially Avni, with a handful of horsemen, carried out multiple raids and ambushes from perhaps ten different points during the night,

great battle.

This manoeuvre, which was a source of amusement for Avni, demonstrated to the British that Turkish cavalry were engaged in significant operations behind the corps.

They were a great help to us by making us feel at home, and

thanks to them we had successfully made it through another

night. 64 ÇEV AT RIFAT ATİLHAN

The third day of the war. The corps' wireless telegraph is reporting the situation to all

surrounding armies and to Turkey, reporting the situation. Despite the situation being so difficult, it is in our favour

and is on the path to success. However, the magnitude of the danger

has by no means diminished. The enemy is still behind us. Supply convoys have been halted. Ammunition is not arriving and

our supply line has been completely cut off. The fact is that if this resistance, shown by such a massive corps,

does not come to an end, the danger will this time turn towards the British. For this reason, the fighting on the third day

had acquired a ferocity and horror that overshadowed the struggles

of the previous two days.

It was as though both sides were playing their last card, firing

their final rounds.

If the Turkish corps were to abandon its position that day,

there would be no chance of holding on to Amman either: because

the road to Amman was in British hands. This situation could have led to disastrous consequences for the entire Turkish army.

The soldiers, keeping this dreadful outcome in mind,

, they did not shy away from any sacrifice or act of heroism. The day had dragged

on so long that it seemed as though night would never fall

. For this day was one that would bring a decisive outcome, for better or worse.

With two infantry divisions, cavalry regiments and our artillery, they saw out that day with a recklessness and valour rarely encountered.

Night, which everywhere symbolises gloom and darkness, had

served us three times over to soothe the wounded, to bandage

them, and to be a salve for our sufferings...

MOUNT MUSA 65

With the morning call to prayer, from the hills of the Jordan

proclaimed the Turks' victory and offered their gratitude to Allah, who had granted this victory.

The enemy had squandered a great opportunity and let a victory

they had taken for granted slip from their grasp; they had

retreated just as they had come. We showed them the paths they

must take and taught them things they did not know—

It is clear that they are reminding us that the Turkish children of that time were such fierce fighters and unparalleled heroes.

MOUNT MUSA

This is Mount Musa, Cebelihud. The point where Moses announced the Promised Land to his people and

the French Werfel tribe. Today, a group of fair-faced, fair-haired

heroes

. The commander of the 48th Infantry Division, Major Asım Bey.

Beside him stands another hero, steadfast and serene, a symbol of resignation, composure, virtue and courage. The division's chief of staff, Major Nuri Bey. (*)

And also the famous battery commanded by Artillery Officer Sami

Bey. These are the heroes who found themselves on the right flank

of the Turkish offensive that began that day.

The commander of the assembled division, Ömer Lütfü Bey, was once again

position. The goats and chickens were also at the front, right at their masters' feet... *(*)*

Our dear comrades who attained the rank of martyr that day: 66 CEVAT RİFÂT

ATİLHAN

Mounted and dismounted cavalry, light and heavy artillery, all auxiliary units—everything and everyone was part of the great offensive that began that day

On duty during the Turkish offensive...

A scorching summer sun is baking the landscape. The Dead

Sea is shrouded in a layer of heat haze.

With the first rays of the sun, the Turkish column swept down from the hills into the plain like a flood and crashed into the enemy lines like a storm.

Today, it was our turn to show our bravery.

In addition to the Fourth Army, the 20th Corps under the command of Ali Fuat Pasha (*),

on the opposite bank of the Jordan, under the command of Ali Fuat Pasha (*). The Eighth Corps

had set its sights on the area beyond the Eddamiye Pass and the Serköprü position on the Jordan, whilst the 20th Corps aimed to capture Musallaba Hill. In this manner, a general reorganisation and adjustment of the front would be achieved.

When the battle began, the enemy was shaken and hesitated for a

while. They were trying to ascertain the objective of the attack.

However, the British resistance

was extremely fierce. Just as the assault on the heavily fortified British positions in the scorching plain

was as fierce as it was, dislodging the enemy proved just as

difficult.

The main body of the 20th Corps' troops

ridges was initially very successful, and for a moment it was even thought that these ridges had been captured, *(*) Today, General Ali Fuat, MP for Konya.*

MOUNT MUSA 67

The movements of the entire 8th and 20th Corps

corps were clearly visible. It is sufficient for now to note

suffices for the time being.

The 8th Corps is pressing hard at the Ser Bridge position; that stream—

that even a mountain would have to crumble. The soldiers

. They were not like flesh-and-blood men, but bodies of steel and fire.

The countless machine guns the enemy had positioned in the trenches and the fresh infantrymen stationed there had turned the place into a hell.

Physically, let alone taking a single step forward, it was impossible even to lift a finger; the sun, with its merciless intensity, was fanning the flames of this hell and heaping all its fire upon this strange plain, making the soldiers' situation even more difficult.

In this situation, cries that reached the heavens in places echoed through this land of Sodom and Gomorrah.

- Allah, Allah, Allah...

And beneath the glare of this scorching sun, the gleaming Turkish bayonets wove crowns of light around the heroes' deeds.

The Turks, tearing down barbed wire with their bare hands and defying death with their chests, had annihilated the enemy in their forward positions at many points.

The Turkish artillerymen spared no sacrifice

. From behind every ridge, a thunderclap and a burst of flame erupted.

- Dane

- Fragmenting shrapnel.

- Fire at will! The

commanders' orders could be

heard.

The commander of the Austrian and Hungarian artillery units, who

had established an observation post right next to headquarters, was

, Knight von Arnsdorf. His composure and calmness—which he never relinquished, even in the most dangerous and delicate moments—

calmness, which never wavered even in the most perilous and delicate moments, initially seemed rather tedious to us.

But after a meticulous display of decorum, every shell that exploded took its breath away from the enemy's heart.

- Allo Mery (*).

- This is the observation post of the artillery unit of the Austrian

Empire and the Kingdom of Hungary. I am Major Arnsdorf, the

artillery commander.

-The majority of the enemy are positioned behind the Ser Bridge positions

. Distance 6400. The operator is repeating these orders letter by letter,

one by one. ,

- The bearing is 20 degrees to the left of the main direction. After giving the elevation angle, there is a brief pause, then suddenly:

- Longrooo!

This Langroo is a long-range gun hidden deep in the valley.

Immediately after:

- Lantern! – Fire.

(*) There must be an officer on the boat.

MOUNT MUSA .. 69

With a roar that pierces the heavens and fills the plain with the rustling of leaves and the rumble of thunder, the massive projectile, travelling without ever straying from its course, explodes right above the enemy's heads. So much so that we witness the chaos it causes and the destruction it wrought with our own eyes; we are filled with joy, and within us, a joy that can no longer be contained finds its voice:

- Long live!

Once more, ten times more, Fener.

Once more, ten times more chaos and ruin. And all over again:

- Allo Mery and a fresh display of battle... We turn our binoculars to the right and left.

The infantry are laying intense pressure on the enemy positions,

. If this pressure continues for another half-hour, the fall of those

positions is certain. Realising that resistance from the trenches alone

is no longer sufficient, the British launched a cavalry charge from

the shores of the Dead Sea into the plain

A cavalry charge was launched. Australian cavalrymen covered the Jordan Valley like dark clouds. This manoeuvre was the only way to outflank the Turks, who were putting the enemy infantry positions under severe pressure, and force them to retreat. Indeed, they took up a position

and the Valley of Kefr,

The capture of a highly trained engineering battalion by the enemy

could have resulted in a double disaster,

. The commander of the Fourth Army, closely monitoring this situation from his observation post... 70 .. . CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

Upon seeing the situation, he ordered me to telephone the 7th

Cavalry Regiment, stationed in the Kefrin Valley, and instruct them

to move out immediately

I called Lieutenant Bedri Emin (*) to the telephone:

- ‘Brother Bedri, the German engineering battalion’s situation is

dire; they cannot hold out much longer and will be taken prisoner.

Tell Mehmet Bey to have your regiment come to their rescue.

This is the army commander’s order.’

Lieutenant Colonel Mehmet Bey is a very cautious and experienced officer

. Therefore, whilst discussing the situation with Bedri Emin in a friendly manner,

we were considering to what extent it would be appropriate for a weak cavalry regiment to attack a cavalry brigade

, the Army Commander’s order is sufficient and must be carried

out.

Here, the Seventh Cavalry Regiment is slowly making its way

into the plain. Under Mehmet Bey’s command, a striking

There is a sense of maturity; they are cautious, yet the column is advancing. We have turned our binoculars towards this regiment’s area of movement. Here we see a regiment

regiment, attacking several regiments equipped with massive cannons. The Turkish cavalry is advancing step by step, undaunted and without

advancing step by step, undeterred and without a thought for the

superiority of the enemy forces. They advanced to a certain point.

There, whilst one might have expected them to halt and engage in

hand-to-hand combat,

, we saw those heroic Turks charge at the English with their bare swords. Everyone’s gaze was fixed on the grandeur of this scene, and everyone’s excitement had reached its peak

.

A regiment of Turkish cavalry charged a squadron of British cavalry

(*) Staff Colonel at the headquarters of the First Corps

and, with valour, had revived the famous heroism of their

forefathers on that battlefield. The scene was truly magnificent.

In this incident, a single minute was worth a day. For a minute, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, the two sides fought.

Lances, swords, and even horses clashed chest to chest. And a handful of Turkish horsemen succeeded. The German engineer battalion was saved, and the infantry escaped the danger.

As the bulk of the enemy cavalry retreated towards the river bridge,

, whilst we heard the new orders from the Austrian and Hungarian artillery commander Arns-

drof, who was stationed right next to the army's observation post:

- The enemy cavalry is rapidly retreating

towards the Jordan Bridge. Range 5300, group fire. Heavy and light

guns are booming. The shells

are striking the very heart of this cavalry formation,

causing tremors and devastation. Turkish artillery from all divisions are firing in unison at the same target. The poor magnificent cavalry division, shattered, devastated and suffering heavy losses, is retreating with great difficulty to positions where it can barely remain hidden...

We sweep our binoculars from side to side from this commanding

hilltop. What we see is this: Mount Musa – Jebel Hut – lies in line

with us and falls directly to our right. Today, this

is not occupied by Moses, but by a most heroic Turkish commander.

Some of those who are pressing the enemy in the plain, burning

them like an oven, like hell, are the soldiers of this noble

commander. A commander who possesses not only great courage,

but also great wisdom. The enemy

fire, the scorching sun and thirst—these three great forces—72

CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

he commands his division with such skill that...

The situation step by step to the army by is and expert topographical officers, he adds the sketches he has drawn with remarkable skill to his reports.

Further ahead of him, the batteries of his loyal artillery officer, Sami Bey,

mih Rüştü Bey's (*) batteries are thundering ceaselessly. The 48th Division is performing its duties exceptionally well. The division's chief of staff, Nuri Bey, who is wholeheartedly assisting in this

excellence, the division's chief of staff, Nuri Bey, is right by his

commander's side, and Musa Da-

He, the one who, with his head held high and his entire being, awaits the great victory to be realised right at the very heart of the matter,

trusting in the Da'i, always calm and ever at his post, the Turkish officer—whose high service, pure heart and spotless presence deserve a reward from Allah—is suddenly leaving our midst, reuniting with his Lord.

A cannonball snatches him from among mortals and carries him to

the sublime, divine corners of Paradise reserved for martyrs... In our

eastern provinces, the division headquarters and Commander Ömer

Lütfü Bey, a Turk who has displayed extraordinary feats of valour in

defence

. In today's great assault, he has surpassed his former valour with extraordinary heroism. His regiment is fighting in the plain, and he is there with them, his goats by his side. The regiment forms the left flank of the assault front. There is

. No neglected duty or shirked sacrifice is in sight; the soldiers are fighting with all their might and strength,

.

(*) *Deputy Director of* the Gunpowder Department, *General* Directorate of Monopolies (Tekel).

MOUNT MUSA 73

The sun rose, inch by inch, until it was directly overhead. The heat—

’s reached intensity, its extent extent had . A relative silence had fallen over the front lines.

Those fighting are not angels but men; it seems they are weary and exhausted—they need to get some calories into their stomachs.

The army commander’s famous cook was also

inside delicious meals . Howeverthis heat, in this fierce struggle, who’s going to get a bite to eat...

Thank goodness the Army’s Director of Arab Affairs,

Aziz Bey(*) is resolving this difficulty and, as if to demonstrate that

aspects of the war, he is unloading the contents of the mess tins one by one onto the deck. So much so that we cannot even find the strength to open our mouths—

, yet Aziz Bey sends all the mess tins back empty. Stripped from

the Hamidiye armoured ship and transported hundreds of

kilometres down-

rak thousand organisations to the front brought the heavy cannons in in the assault, more than fulfilled the duty expected of them—

.

The naval gunners, accustomed to firing at moving targets at sea

shattered the British troops who had carelessly pitched their tents behind them. Its power and its reach easily extended to these points beyond the range of field guns

and inflicted a bewildering rout upon the enemy.

At the forefront was the Austrians' famous Langro;

the heavy guns of the Hamidiye added a different grandeur to that

day's battle and boosted the infantry's morale.

The Austrian and Hungarian artillerymen, at the observation

post right next to the army headquarters, under the command of

Von Arns-

(*) *Chief of Alcohol Control at the General Directorate of Monopolies* 74 .....CEVAT RİFÂT ATİLHAN

drof, whose accurate and composed fire, combined with the skilful work of the naval gunners, made for a most pleasing spectacle.

If there is one surprising point, it is that today Von Arnsdrof's

It is the fact that the battery commander's binoculars were scanning the rear rather than the front lines. Astonishing. Not taking his eyes off the enemy for even a minute—

—a man of imperial and royal protocol who would not sacrifice even a speck of it—what on earth was this esteemed commander constantly looking for in the rear?

Whilst his Langros roared ceaselessly, and his meticulously

calculated cannonballs exploded upon the enemy's heads, there

must surely be some reason or wisdom behind his occasionally

turning his telescope towards the rear to search for

must surely have had some reason or wisdom behind it.

Or had some enemy suicide squad

found a gap and slipped behind us? That could never

. Just as it was impossible to break through the Turkish divisions, linked together like steel chains, and flow backwards, so too

to to the to the extent to a not as front an army that had reached the point of disintegration would certainly not

would certainly not be in a position to retreat. Even if such a thing were to happen, the army would not have been able to detect it

but through more technical means.

So, at the height of the battle, what could have been the purpose of

this Australian officer turning his binoculars towards the rear?

He tells the army commander himself:

- Your Excellency. Directly behind Mount Musa and the Yüşa

Hill – MOUNT MUSA75

, I observe some men dressed in Bedouin attire making significant and suspicious movements on two hills at a narrow pass. I believe it would be appropriate to issue an order to investigate these matters,

These hills were situated a short distance beyond the town of Salt, and from there one could see the surrounding area very clearly, as well as the hills encircling Jerusalem

. The people standing there in orderly rows

might have had a specific purpose, though it was also

. Furthermore, it was certainly not without reason that a very intelligent and sufficiently alert foreign officer, after spending hours observing that direction through his binoculars, warned us. For this reason, the army commander summoned Intelligence Officer Me'mun Bey and the District Governor of Salt,

Muharrem Bey (*) to the telephone and issued the necessary orders

to them.

Whilst the intelligence officers were following the trail assigned to them

we, unable to resist our curiosity amidst the intensely fierce battle,

would occasionally turn our binoculars

just like Von Arnsdrof, to look for something.

What caught the eye of the observant was this: sometimes on the

hill to the right, one person stands up, the other sits down. When

both of those on the right are sitting,

two people would be seen standing up; sometimes one, sometimes both would sit down or stand up. The scene and movements on the hill to the left were similar to the others

.

From time to time, whilst observing this situation through

binoculars, thinking there was nothing extraordinary about it, we

attempted to solve this mystery—*(*) A Merchant in Torbalı,*

we hope that the intelligence unit, having received orders to resolve this, will uncover the truth, and we return to our main duties.

The commander of the 20th Corps, the Musallaba hills' el-

reports that it is being carried out with great difficulty. Yet the situation, which is quite clear to us—

The situation, which is quite clearly evident, is by no means satisfactory. Although the 20th Corps has clung to the Musallaba ridges—

, yet they cannot see that the enemy is strongly positioned in echeloned defences behind the ridge and that significant reserve forces

are also positioned behind these ridges. We are reporting what we see to them; they are intensifying their pressure, and fierce fighting continues.

Despite the intense fire from our batteries, the British aircraft do not

withdraw from these positions. British artillery

are also shelling these positions. It appears their hits are being coordinated via the aircraft's radios. Yet one cannot simply attribute this sudden success to the skill of the British aircraft. We do not believe that the aircraft, surrounded by clouds of shrapnel and with their tops concealed by bushes, could easily spot the hidden guns. So what could

?

Evening is approaching. The surroundings are shrouded in a

gloomy twilight. What was the outcome of that day's battle, which

began at dawn and continued unceasingly, costing thousands of

lives and countless sacrifices?

The units positioned beyond the Eddamiye Pass had advanced right

up to the enemy’s nose, having captured some of their forward

trenches

. The 20th Corps had advanced as far as the slopes of the Musallaba hills, a matter of vital importance to them

. The soldiers targeting the Ser Bridge positions on the Jordan River had cut through the barbed wire and advanced right up to the very front of the infantry positions. However, the desired objective could not be achieved—MOUNT MUSA! 7 *1*

. The full fruits of the great sacrifices made and the countless, unparalleled acts of heroism displayed had not been reaped; that night, the sorrow of those who had never received their due

there was a pressure in our hearts and souls from the mysteries whose meaning was hard to grasp...

and the pressure of mysteries whose meaning was hard to fathom weighed upon our souls...

The result we had been waiting for impatiently for days was reached

by Me’mun Bey from the Fourth Army Intelligence, Major

Sait Bey, German Staff Major Fon Malcio and other German intelligence officers, reached the following conclusion:

These spies belong to the Aranson

. The head of the organisation is Gerşman. Gerşman is the

secretary and close friend of the representative of ROÇİLD in

the village of Camia. He possesses a document from the

Damascus district inspectorate, issued to the wheat contractor

Hazbun, which allows him to move freely within the urban area

. This document indicates that he, along with Gerşman’s other associates, will purchase wheat from the governor of Amman

. Furthermore,

Amman station inspector, Major Ziya Bey(*), claims that this

document is forged, and that the son of Sheikh Sultan, the leader of

the tribe in the Fourth Army District,

, and that such suspicious individuals had, some time ago, stayed as guests among the tribes under the guise of wheat merchants, and had moved from the shores of the Dead Sea towards Jericho and Jerusalem, which has drawn our attention.

The murderers who fell into the Turks' clutches have concealed

no sin... Gerşman's statement sheds light on the incident as

follows:

(*) Land Registry and Cadastre Engineer, Retired Staff Colonel, 78 CEVAT RİFAT ATILHAN

- From the town of Jericho, Jozef; from Jerusalem, Zero Bovol,

Ro-zer and Levin; and from the village of Kefer Kenna

with individuals named Pollak and Edelrman, as well as Kovarski from the village of Cauma, Mozes from Remle, and

Josef Fredman from Tiberias, a network has been established. Our password during the operation is as follows:

In a position where the enemy could spot them behind the area

of manoeuvre

1 - To be positioned in three groups. Each group is to represent

a flank of the Turkish army.

2 - One person standing on the hill to the right, the other-

on lying lying on theside is advancing, both standing standing indicates that this flank has gone on the offensive.

3 - If one of the three people in the centre is standing,

indicates a slight advance in the centre; two standing indicates that our central units have gone on the offensive;

and all three standing up indicates that the reinforcements and Turkish reserves have been brought to the front.

4 - The signals from the people on the left hill are the same as

the others'.

5 - If no one is visible on all three hills, this indicates there is

no movement on our front.

6 - If, at all three points, one person is crouching at each,

this indicates that the army is retreating,

These six points were observed by spies using the enemy's battery telescope

These are only some of the passwords issued from the vantage point they can see. The signals agreed upon to ensure that every minute detail of the military operation is known are excluded from these six main points.

MOUNT MUSA 79

During the days of calm,

and to personally report via a report on the rumours circulating among the people, the morale of the troops, the supply situation, night-time movements and the arrival of reinforcements was entrusted to Jozef and Levin

carried out. They traversed the rugged terrain north of Sait

terrain, walking at night in Bedouin attire to reach

Sultan, and from there, if they find a suitable opportunity, they cross from the shores of the Dead Sea to Jericho; after giving a verbal report to the intelligence officer in Jericho, they head

they proceed to Jerusalem and submit a detailed report to

Aranson, the head of the main organisation.

Based on the information obtained from these spies and the

reports compiled from them, on the orders of the commander of

the Fourth Army, a self-sacrificing man named Kaid Zeki, one of

the loyal followers of Emir

Said, a self-sacrificing man named Kaid Zeki, was dispatched. This man was to act with the utmost discretion so that the British would not uncover the operation. Acting on instructions from us, he would not conceal the fact that the spy Greşman, a member of the Aranson organisation,

had been captured by the Turks and that he himself had been sent by these spies. Furthermore, he was to report certain information regarding the army's situation that was of no use in terms of concealment

. Kaid Zeki set out with these instructions and, after spending the

night as a guest at the Sheikh Sultan's

, and under the tolerance of the forward outposts

and crossed over to the enemy side. For three days we heard nothing from this self-sacrificing man. On the fourth day

, just as we had given up hope of him

he appeared and had succeeded in his mission. His sincere demeanour and the accuracy of the information he provided were well received, and for this mission he was awarded fifteen gold

A bribe had been paid. Kaid Zeki met with the army commander in person, just in case—

80. CEVAT RİFÂT ATİLHAN

, and was staying at the home of Eşref Efendi, one of Sait's wealthy men; we would visit him at night to gather information.

Thus, Kaid Zeki had made two further trips within fifteen days. The

intelligence he brought back on his final return was of the utmost

importance: for he had informed Aranson that it was no longer

possible to cross secretly from the Turkish outposts or the shores of

the Lût, and that there was extreme tightness along the Turkish

lines, and had apologised. Faced with this situation, Aran-

son. To ensure he did not lose such a suitable, willing and useful spy, he had given him the following instructions:

- There is no need to send frequent reports. Only if

or if there is a significant change in the main disposition of the troops, particularly if new reinforcements and artillery arrive from Istanbul

, you must inform Madame Rachel Rabinovich in Safed of these and the routes they have taken. The password I shall give you to identify yourself to her is as follows:

- I am a raisin merchant and I come from Arar. (*)

He added that Aranson Kaid Zeki would also receive the money he

was due in return for the information he was to provide from

Madame Rabonoviç

he added.

Aranson went to the home of Madame Rachel Rabonoviç in Safed

, he noted that there was an arabesque-patterned water jug to the right of the door and that the white cloth covering it bore the initials R.R.

, and had specifically warned him not to go to the wrong place

(*) There is no village or town named Ar ar.

MOUNT MUSA 81

Acting on the instructions, this selfless man

opened another secret door. Madame Rachel Raborio-viç was arrested by intelligence officer Seyfi Bey and brought to the police station.

Kaid Zeki describes what he saw when he entered Madam Raşel

Rabönoviç's residence as follows:

- In one of Safed's winding streets, a house from whose doors the

stench of filth wafted, causing passers-by to cover their noses—

I knocked on the door of a house that seemed deserted. There was no sound for a long time, and no one came to open the door. Yet footsteps could be clearly heard inside the house.

After a while, an elderly woman opened the door a crack and, looking bewildered and frightened, asked me what I wanted:

- I'd like to see Mrs Raşel Rabonoviç.

- Is there something you require?

- I'd like to speak with her briefly.

- She is an elderly woman. She has no one to see...

- But I am a merchant; I need to see her for a couple of minutes on business.

- What sort of merchant are you?

- Raisins. • •

- Where are you from?

- From Ar Ar

The little, scruffy old woman who had been standing before me with

a sullen face until that very moment suddenly broke into a smile.

Her thick-lipped mouth stretched all the way to her ears, and her

irregular, dirty teeth were revealed in all their ugliness. 82 CEVAT

RIFAT ATİLHAN

Those beady eyes sparkled. He shifted from hesitation and caution to flattery and compliments:

- Welcome, do come in. Would you do us the honour of stepping inside?

As soon as I stepped through the door, my eyes involuntarily

for the Arab jug. It was as big as a barrel, a double-handled jug, and a white linen cloth had indeed been spread over it.

The R.R. mark embroidered on this cloth was easily noticeable. Whilst I was examining this in a short space of time, those cunning eyes were also scrutinising this point and were pleased and reassured

.

I entered a poorly furnished room. It resembled

a magician’s den. Scattered belongings, dusty rugs and worn carpets... shelves lined with old books and small chests strewn about. The woman who had led me into the room was Esther Rabonovich, the elder sister of Rachel Rabonovich.

I remained alone in the room for a long time. There was a deep

silence and an eerie atmosphere in this mysterious place.

I stood rooted to the spot. After a while, the door

opened and Madame Rachel entered as if in a dream. A woman of peculiar demeanour and great mystery, who gave the impression that her feet made no sound and did not touch the ground as she walked. Without any preamble,

, she asked:

- ‘What news have you brought?’

Her voice was weak and defiant, as if choked in her throat.

After telling her the date I had left the enemy headquarters and

, I told her that the Turks were eagerly awaiting a British attack.

- The Turks will hopefully be getting the hell out of this country

soon, won’t they?

‘These false, ungrateful grudges were of a dreadful and despicable nature...’

." The old woman’s tiny eyes bulged out as if they were about to pop

out, and she stared at me intently.

- Of course; do I have any doubt? Their departure from

Palestine is now only a matter of days?

A treacherous, conspicuous joy took hold of him. He leapt to his feet, went out into the hall and served me coffee with his own hands.

I gave him all the information I had. Indeed, knowing that this

woman would fall into the clutches of justice within half an

hour

into the clutches of justice, I gave him all the necessary information

that would serve the enemy's purpose. His hands began to tremble

with joy.

- 'God is great. The Turks will be driven out of here, won't they!'

she began to mutter. When she went out again and returned to the

room a short while later, handing me the gold coins she held in her

right hand, she said:

- "May God grant you happiness; you shall see

in the future," he added with a compliment.

The coffee had been drunk, the words spoken, and what was to be taken had been taken. As we parted, bidding farewell with the hope of meeting again.

- His words—'God willing, those barbarians will soon turn our

country into a hellhole'—echoed in my ears for a long time.

The people this ungrateful woman called barbarians were the Turks,

who had provided them with a life of paradise and great prosperity...

When Seyfi Bey and his civilian officials arrived at Ra-

Rabinoviç's door, he did not wait long, nor did he waste any opportunity or time. He broke down the door and entered, catching the criminals with all their documents, trunks and baskets, and swiftly sent them to Salt.

Rašel was of medium height, with a face so hairy it could be called moustachioed, wrinkled

, with tiny eyes, a nose large enough to be considered appropriate, and a woman so ugly she could hardly be called ugly. In her eyes

betrayed every meaning of deceit and devilry. She was extremely timid and greedy. She looked wise and pale, as if crushed under the weight of the great crime she had committed. She was in a wretched state, as if she had faced death. Yet, having completely, utterly lost all hope in the Turkish people's greatest sin—

and magnanimity—

Upon entering the room, with the hesitation and caution typical of a traitor, she waved her hands in a few gestures of greeting, and her first words were:

- 'May God protect the Sultan.'

The Turkish officers, with dignified and solemn hatred,

, met this ungrateful traitor—who had committed the greatest treachery against them—with dignified and solemn hatred. Yet the German intelligence officers could not restrain themselves from hurling the most vile insults, even in the simplest of interactions. One of them

that one might have thought the spy's heart would stop from fear and she would die. With a face yellowed like pus, she had begun to tremble like a stray dog.

When it was explained to her that it would be to her advantage if she confessed to the crimes she had committed here, without omission and without hiding anything, she could not help but utter, in a dazed manner:

- ‘Allah be my witness,’ she could not help but say.

CHAPTER TWO

SIMI SIMON

SIMI SIMON . 87

AS THE GAZA BATTLES BEGAN

The ‘Promised Land’ is scorched beneath the hellish heat of the July sun. Turkish lads,

gathered from the four corners of Anatolia,

and the snow-capped plateaus of the Ilgaz Mountains, were now fulfilling the sacred duty that had fallen upon them in these fiery red deserts, overcoming great hardships and sacrifices

, demonstrating once again to the entire world the boundlessness of their love for the homeland...

The heroic Turkish soldier, facing an enemy army

, and backed by superior forces fed by asphalt and railway lines

with water pipes running behind them

forces—is preparing to create new epics for his nation, not only by enduring shortages of supplies, ammunition and weapons, but even by braving the deprivation of a single sip of water...

He knows that... Military service: is a duty of honour that the Turkish nation must fulfil.

He knows that... His forefathers, who flew their flag with honour and glory across three continents and led their armies into battle, have always honoured this duty of honour with dignity, even under the most difficult circumstances...

He knows that... The true essence of all material power

lies within the noble blood flowing through his veins...

***

The enemy guns have begun to pound our positions...

The accuracy of the fire is such that!... It is as though the maps of the firing positions, observation posts and our headquarters had been handed over to the enemy by our own hands...

to the enemy... All of them are targets for that dreadful enemy artillery's

's relentless barrage... In particular, the discovery of the position of our heavy Hungarian battery on the minaret was astonishing!

Could all these hits possibly have been made possible by aerial

reconnaissance? The enemy infantry found the weakest

point of the front.!. They also began a flanking manoeuvre between Ebuhüreyre and Tellişşeria. Thankfully, the heroic cavalry of Esat Bey, commander of the cavalry division,

manoeuvre to resolve this difficult situation. The bombardment

continues despite the advancing night. Bombs are raining down on

our front command headquarters... The fact that the enemy has

identified our position in such minute detail is by no means a good

sign!

For four days now, there has been a deep and significant silence on the front...

This silence resembles the eerie stillness of the seas before a great storm...

The soldiers, distracted by the mirages the sun creates here and there,

as if they had forgotten the war, lost in the endlessness of a sweet and sorrowful world...

The enemy’s activity seems to have come to a standstill...

Despite all the efforts of our reconnaissance units, no enemy

activity or preparations can be detected from any direction...

The transport units operating amidst the dust clouds have also replenished their supplies of provisions and ammunition.

The calm of the seas, which seem to be harbouring dreadful

storms, continues.

SIMI SIMON **8 9**

FIRST SUSPICIONS

Today, Acting Commander-in-Chief Enver Pasha and the 4th

Army command staff will be inspecting the front...

For about a week, like docile snakes, the enemy batteries lying in ambush in the ash-coloured streams of the Promised Land suddenly unleashed storms, showering the surroundings with fire and death! Enemy aircraft, appearing instantly in the sky

; as if they had come out to greet our guests

, circling the hills in a ring of death and raining down bombs...

Our troops, who had been prepared in advance in accordance with

the orders they had received, were responding to the enemy's

sudden manoeuvre with complete vigour, bravely repelling the

attack from both land and air

. In particular, the Turkish artillery, which had created a veritable wall of fire, could be seen firing even from open positions.

In our infantry positions, too, there was an extraordinary situation

unlike any other day. The units were

various parts demonstration and reconnaissance attacks were launched, Gaza and Tellişşeria, with two days of intense fighting and intermittent

By the time the ongoing bloody clashes had come to an end, the

inspection had also been completed. This final incident—may it be

—thank God—had drawn the full attention of the Army General Staff. It appears, then, that the movements of Acting Commander-in-Chief Enver Pasha, from his departure from Istanbul to his arrival at the front, had been closely tracked by enemy intelligence, . ,

The enemy's efforts to capture the fortress from within were inflicting losses upon us that could not be underestimated. To such an extent that the total of the horrific crimes committed and the bloody destruction were creating a truly appalling tally

...

Colonel Refet, commander of the 3rd Division,

to take up a delaying position in the gap between Tellişşeria and Bürrüsseba on the *Gaza* front

.

I set off for my new position with my company, comprising 223

brave soldiers. It was pitch dark. After a gruelling march that lasted

all night, I reached the area where I was to carry out my duty.

During this movement, I took every possible precaution to avoid

being spotted by the enemy, doing whatever was necessary

. But what did I see in the morning!… We were face to face with a

British company!…

Our gunboat, which had been positioned just ahead of General von Kreys's headquarters

, o u r s q u a d ron, which had not even finished mustering its men,

had become a target for the enemy artillery's intense fire

... Many similar incidents followed one after another. There came times when even our rear supply points and ammunition columns

could no longer hide from those mysterious and treacherous eyes—

...The fact that the enemy had obtained intelligence on even our smallest and most localised movements had come to pose a serious threat to our overall situation.

SIMI SIMON 91

THE THIRD BATTLE OF GAZA

The Sinai front had once again been completely encircled along the Gaza–Tellişşeria line for the third time. Although the British army had completed its preparations, it launched a fierce attack with numerically superior forces. Our frontline situation was such

well-informed about our frontline situation that... relatively weak points

were immediately identified; they pounced on these areas at once and attempted encirclement manoeuvres.

The fierce open-field battle, which began at dawn and continued

until late into the night, raged in the form of relentless waves

and terrifying storms, crashing from position to position, from chest to chest, had turned into a bloody struggle

. The roar of the cannons created echoes that shattered the nerves within the mysterious bosom of the ‘Promised Land’, which had lain dormant for years, whilst the fire from the infantry and machine guns stretched out in a strange hissing sound. The agile and brave Turkish cavalry had scattered the enemy cavalry, mounted on elephants. When

bloody struggle came to an end, victory remained with the Turks. In the

plains of Gaza, which resembled a scene from the Day of Judgement, the

, filled with faith, began to flutter once more like a glorious flag. HINT

The two incidents that occurred during the Third Battle of Gaza

kept my thoughts and mind occupied for a long time. The first of these is an example of ‘ingratitude and treachery’, the second an example of ‘humanity and gratitude’.

On the eve of the battle, reinforced with machine guns—

I have been assigned to command a strong detachment tasked with patrolling the coastline. My patrol area:

stretches from the village of Sedut, surrounded by fig trees, to the grassy shores of Gaza. It also formed

.

As soon as the battle began, I received an order from my temporary commander,

, in which I was ordered to immediately abandon my sector, reach the front, and

flank. As I hurriedly left my observation post, we passed first

through the Arab village of Sedut and then through the prosperous

Jewish villages...

In Sedut, the people lined up on both sides of the road, offering us milk and yoghurt from the brass jugs in their hands, whilst

filling our bags with fresh oranges. The women were shouting after us:

- “Victory belongs to Allah… Nurset is yours. Allah is the witness to your bravery… Do not let the enemy trample us!”,- These passionate words were followed by long shouts and the sounds of ‘lü lü lü… lü lü…’.

These heartfelt addresses, which nourished our souls and spurred on the bravery of the soldiers,

heartfelt addresses, which nourished our souls and spurred the bravery of the warriors, gave us all enthusiasm and determination. We were, as it were, steeled. Following this, we passed through Jewish villages.

In contrast to the Arabs’ mud-walled huts, woven from straw,

, were in stark contrast to the Jewish villages, which were adorned with elegant mansions and magnificent buildings amidst flower-filled gardens and exquisite almond groves,

.

In the vibrant, prosperous regions of Palestine, which have been under our protection for years: justice, security and freedom . deserving ol-SİMİ SIMON

.....

These Jews, who have attained a far greater prosperity than their

ancestors, were they really holding a grudge against us today?!..

What on earth had we done to this people, who, having never made

the slightest sacrifice for their homeland on these lands, drenched in

the blood of Turks as red as rubies, were living a life of paradise?

Whilst we were running from one front to another, drenched in blood and sweat,

and despair, and who shied away from even the slightest help or concern—what else could a man do on such a day but feel revulsion?

As these feelings welled up within me, they brought in two Jews.

These two traitors, captured by the soldiers of the forward outpost and reconnaissance unit, had been hiding on the shore, using their torches to signal the enemy forces.

I interrogated them immediately. They did not deign to answer, adopting a rather defiant attitude

and would not deign to answer. They were so certain of the British victory that... convinced they would be rescued in a short while, they persistently clung to their silence and defiance.

I would have very much liked these two insolent men to witness the outcome of the third

Battle of Gaza, which had only just begun...!

Continuing on our way, we arrived just in time and took up the position allocated to us between the 16th Rüştü

’s division and the 3rd Division, we took up the position assigned to us. Initially exposed to light infantry fire, this point began to face an increasingly intense barrage of fire. As the sun was setting over the Mediterranean horizon

, the enemy, whose numbers were three times ours, 94 CEVAT

RİFAT ATİLHAN

We came under attack from an enemy unit. My platoon fought with patience and fortitude far beyond human endurance

and were holding their ground, displaying acts of heroism that defy

description.

In this manner, the British forces, who were attempting to

was thwarted. However, we had suffered over forty wounded and thirty martyrs.

was thwarted. However, we had suffered over forty wounded and thirty martyrs. Whilst searching for our missing comrades,

, we captured a wounded British captain in a stream.

The incident I noted above as an ‘example of humanity and gratitude’ pertains to this very British captain.

***

This infantry captain, whom I interrogated as a prisoner,

crossed his legs, smoking his cigarette with a haughty air and speaking in a harsh tone... His name was Ceymis Puzi, a pure-blooded Englishman from Liverpool.

It was impossible to extract even the slightest useful secret from

him... Even in this situation, considered the most difficult moment,

showed not the slightest weakness of character, answering nothing but his name and rank to any other questions asked...

With the seriousness of a brave soldier and an enlightened man, he cut the matter short:

- No secret concerning Britain or the British Army may be disclosed; I am compelled to submit to the treatment meted out to me...

...

I could see that the wound on his left arm was causing him terrible

pain. He had been wounded fighting bravely and

thus fallen into captivity; I have no right to inflict torture on such a man, even if he is an enemy... So, without pressing the matter further,

I sent him to the dressing station..

SIMI SIMON 95

I too had been wounded. A week later, at the

Red Cross Hospital in Vâdii Sarar. I was lying side by side with the captive Captain

Ceymis Püzi. Among the doctors of Istanbul whom I always mention with respect

Hafız Cemal Bey, and Akif Şâkir Bey, a professor at the Faculty of Medicine, were treating us

with the same care and compassion.

Just a week earlier, two enemy officers who had been clinging to each other’s throats in the nameless ravines of Gaza had now, in the warm embrace of the Red Crescent,

lay’s warm embrace, had become friends, perfectly at ease. Captain

Ceymis Püzi slowly

. The humanity he witnessed from the Turks reminded him that he was facing a nation that did not lose its nobility even in the face of the enemy.

The pain in my right hip had become unbearable. Ceymis Püzi was

was sharing my distress and trying to comfort me. Thus, our bond grew considerably. Taking advantage of this, one day I asked him for his opinion on our military value and manoeuvrability

:

"'It is truly excellent; I find it extraordinary.

your 10th Division, trained by a German commander, has achieved a success far exceeding all expectations." – he was making apt comparisons between our forces. He was listing, one by one, even the smallest details of many operations that had to be kept secret from us.

A captured British captain—right down to the point that he had been trained by a German

commander—where on earth had he obtained all this information!

I could not hide my astonishment and wanted to know;

- "From the prisoners we've captured," he said.

This answer could not satisfy me. To myself:

- "Oh God!... Do not take my life without first showing me the punishment of those who committed this treason!" – I pleaded with God, my heart burning with anguish.

From the very first day of the war, I recounted to him all the strange

acts of treason and murder that had taken place; in this way, perhaps I hoped to elicit something from him:

“These matters are things the staff officers would know better than the line officers,” he said, changing the subject and beginning to speak of his homeland and his family.

One day, once again in front of the Red Cross tents, the four of

us—Dr Hafız Cemal, Âkif Şâkir Bey and I—were having tea. Our

conversation kept circling back to the war. There was such an

atmosphere of sincerity at our table that...

I took advantage of this:

- “Mr Ceymis; in terms of supplies, weapons and manpower, you are far superior to us. But you have something even more important

weapon of yours...” I said.

The shrewd man had sensed exactly what I was getting at:

- Or has a new weapon been discovered that I haven’t yet

heard of?

The captain, with a mocking air, was showing a little more patience in holding back the sentence that was on the tip of his tongue; I

continued:

- For example, these parts are our country. Thanks to us, they are happy and

The people who live in comfort are much closer to you, and consequently further from us... Indeed, they are more dangerous than a strong and honourable enemy.

As he tried to explain, the captain resolved the matter without

causing me too much distress; he, having fully grasped the value of

those pure and noble people who would not spare a single thought

for their own lives for the sake of their homeland,

and, overcome by emotion, let these words slip from his lips:

- Yes, your assessment is correct. But this fault lies with you

... You are harbouring venomous snakes in your bosom! You are allowing them to remain venomous

... It is only natural, then, that they will poison you at the first opportunity. Be more vigilant!

As the Captain spoke, I looked at his face in astonishment

. He was in full command of his will and felt not the slightest remorse for the words he had spoken. On the contrary, he was not willing to accept that the heroic and pure-hearted sons of a noble nation should be

and who, in a state of mind that recognised the worthlessness of a victory

and who realised the worthlessness of a victory not won through honourable combat.

IN PURSUIT OF A SPY

I was transferred from the Red Cross Hospital in Wadi Sarar to

the First Homeland Surgical Hospital in Jerusalem.

The army headquarters was situated on the famous Mount Tur,

built on a hill overlooking the shores of the vast Dead Sea on one

side and Jerusalem on the other, within the German barracks

was situated.

My dear friend Çobanoğlu Zeki Bey (*), whom I greatly admired for his high intelligence and ability,

friend, Çobanoğlu Zeki Bey (*), was the director of the Second Branch of the 4th Army. Upon hearing that I had been admitted to hospital, he rushed over

He arrived. After talking at length and catching up, he asked me for information about the front. What could I possibly add to the news

, what could I possibly add? Yet he insisted. With his exceptional

intellect and

exceptional authority, had, at a young age, earned the love

and trust of the entire army at a young age, I told him I was ready to explain whatever I could, as best I could.

He wanted to know whether our morale had been shaken:

- Cevat, how do you see the situation at the front? Is the morale

of our troops sound?

He said

- Our morale is excellent, thank God... Besides,

has it ever been anything but... Whether we have provisions or not, whether we are hungry or full, we fight until death. Yet, alongside the army’s great self-sacrifice

self-sacrifice, there is a need for more sensitive leadership

otherwise we will have squandered and destroyed all our material

and moral resources in vain...

(*) He was martyred by a stray bullet during a night inspection

; may God rest his soul. SİMİ SİMON

••••••

- “Yes,” I said.

- They are awaiting the fulfilment of the ‘Promised Land’ vision

...

With these words, I explained to him that military intelligence had

not accorded this matter the necessary importance.

At that moment, the wound on my hip, which added to my inner anguish,

Feeling that he had caused me a great deal of distress, Mr Zeki Çobanoğlu threw his arms round my neck and kissed me on the eyes. And as he was leaving, he said:

- “I have benefited greatly from your words. I shall report the situation exactly as it is to the army commander; rest assured, Cevat…” and with that, he took his leave.

As he got into the car, a French nurse was opening my wound to

dress it.

* * *

I am in a charming

mansion. I shall spend two months here for a change of air. I am in such need of rest... In the sweet-smelling air of Mount Lebanon, gazing out at the Mediterranean from afar

I was trying to pull myself together. But fate! Here too

it caught up with me. I hadn’t even been here a week; one morning a military policeman was waiting impatiently at the door to see me; I asked what he wanted, and he said:

- **‘Are** you Second Lieutenant **Cevat Rıfat Bey?’** he said.

- ‘Yes, that’s me...

- They’re urgently requesting your presence at division headquarters. They’ve ordered me to inform you

and catch the train bound for Damascus.”

Thinking it would be inappropriate, indeed pointless, to ask the military policeman any further *questions*: - “There must be some mistake here...” - I said, and got ready as quickly as possible.

At the division headquarters, Reserve Lieutenant Aşkı Naili Bey (*),

I was informed that I had been assigned to the headquarters of the

8th Corps in Damascus and (*) He is currently the General Manager

of the Ankara State Bank.

He once again informed me that he had received orders from the

army to depart in half an hour.

I couldn’t have imagined such a situation—

I was taken aback. Eventually, I came to the conclusion that this must be some kind of favour from Mr Zeki Çobanoğlu.

When I arrived at the headquarters of the 8th Corps in

Damascus, wearing an Austrian military greatcoat and boots

with spiked soles, the head of the first department, Asaf

. We embraced, kissed. to air service and informed me that he had appointed me in his place

. He took me to the first branch:

- "Here are your colleagues,... here is your office... They will explain everything to you. I have very little time left; I must leave immediately

leave." – and with that, he departed.

Thus, with a brief and sudden ceremony, I began my new duty

and the heavy responsibilities of the rear. The slightest oversight on my part here could have led to the ruin of thousands of my comrades-in-arms.

Alas, I found myself utterly alone in this delicate and crucial task.

The majority of the officers at headquarters

. A strange atmosphere of estrangement, seemingly without cause, prevailed between us and them, and a lack of affection

.

***

MISS SIMON

At the Damascus Palace Hotel, amidst the enigmatic bustle of the

Haret al-Yahud district, it seems as though nothing else is being

discussed. Everyone is captivated by her charm, circling around her

like moths...

Lieutenant Yasin, the corps adjutant, has been talking about him

constantly ever since I first arrived. I finally decided to go and

meet him

, so Yasin Bey and I went to the Damascus Palace for dinner. When

we entered the dining room,

Lieutenant Sırrı and Mr Kâmil were having their meal. They called us over, we sat down, and the four of us began to eat our fill, laughing and having a good time

.

Lieutenant Sırrı commanded a cavalry squadron

. Cemil was also a regimental adjutant. There were German officers

at the tables around us; just as we were

we were just finishing our meal when I saw everyone's heads suddenly turn towards the door. I looked too.

A most exquisite woman glided in, winding her way like a snake. She

moved slowly. With the allure of her figure, the sharp lines of her

face, her complexion and colour—enough to magnetise even the most

indifferent man at first glance—I too found myself

'Mademoiselle Simon' was the name on everyone's lips, creating a stir in the room. She was making her way towards us; she came to stand before our table. She surveyed the room; with an indifferent and accustomed air, she simply sat down beside us. I was introduced to her; as she shook my hand, I trembled as if an electric current were coursing through my body. She turned her long, curled eyelashes towards my face; she smiled faintly. To watch her—

I was afraid of my body; for as my senses and my consciousness

became intertwined, my mind began to numb. Never before in my

life had any

had ever seemed so warm, so thrilling to me.

He was eating his meal with great seriousness, calling the waiter

over to point out what was missing. He was

. At one point, Yasin spoke to the gentleman in Arabic and then said to me:

SIMI SIMON .. 103

- “Do you speak Arabic, sir?” he asked.

- “I know very little,” I said.

Time had slipped by unnoticed, and the

wine bottles had emptied. The young woman slowly rose from her chair and said:

- "I fancy playing the piano a bit," she said, and made her way to the piano. All eyes were on her.

Her slender, delicate fingers began to flit across the piano keys like a pair of white doves. She played and played, perhaps for over an hour. We were all spellbound, as if we couldn’t breathe.

As we parted that night, I stroked the hands she had placed in mine

for several seconds; when she said she had taken great pleasure in

our meeting and

was looking forward to having me over to his home at the first opportunity, I had to force myself not to show the joy I felt.

The first thing I did this morning was to summon Second

Lieutenant Şerif, who had been assigned to intelligence, and

Reserve Lieutenant Seyfeddin Bey to the office.

Mademoiselle Simon lived at

. I had them note down this address:

- Lieutenant Şerif, I require a thorough investigation based on facts

. Please take great care to ensure this remains strictly confidential...

I also gave the following instructions to Seyfeddin Bey:

- You must immediately rent a house in Babı Toma and from

there identify those entering and leaving Miss Simon’s house...

For as long as this task continues,

do not visit headquarters at all. I told them that you would hand over the reports you give me every 104 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

at 5 o’clock in the evening at the Zühre café, I explained to them that we were facing a significant spy network and emphasised the importance of the matter.

It was a Saturday...

Yasin Bey and I were invited to see Mademoiselle Simon.

The young woman greeted us in a stunning outfit: every detail, from her earrings to her shoes, exuded a distinct sense of style.

Every aspect of a woman’s physical and facial beauty

could be counted one by one. The movements of her breasts and hips, revealed by the low-cut dress she wore, were enough to set a man’s nerves alight.

She sat down at the tea table, adorned with colourful carnations—

, and for minutes on end, her eyes, full of magic and enchantment,

ca We couldn't part. He, his home too exceptional with care . The décor and atmosphere of the room we were sitting in seemed as though the hostess

; a sideboard laden with exquisite cakes, pastries, Arabic baklava and all manner of dried fruits

a buffet. We were chatting, jumping from one topic to another at

the table. At our request, he played a little piano. Afterwards, he

played some lovely records for us.

As we were getting ready to leave, as if our conversation had

ended, she asked Mr Yasin in a polite manner, as though wishing

we would stay a little longer:

- I heard you're heading to the Maan headquarters, and I was

saddened to hear you're going too; when exactly are you

setting off? Mr Yasin, quite calmly:

- 'I haven't heard anything about that,' he replied, and we got up,

* * *

The headquarters is indeed moving south; I, too,

stay in Damascus. Before the Corps Commander set off, in the

report I submitted to the Chief of Staff,

I had indicated the necessity of having a security convoy run ahead of the train carrying the headquarters. The commander was a man of deep resignation and extremely brave. He saw no need for excessive worry or precaution regarding his own life.

As the piercing whistle of the military band

as the train pulled away from the station, a sense of unease began to take hold of me. As if I were about to hear news of a disaster at any moment, I counted the hours and minutes, searching for ways to protect myself...

The telephone rang and rang. They were looking for me

. My heart nearly stopped; I ran, and they put me through to De-ra station. Lieutenant Niyazi was speaking

:

- "The Corps train has derailed at the 94th kilometre due to an electric bomb. Aide-de-camp Hasan Bey and a private have been killed; the engineer commander Muhlis Bey and five privates are wounded.

Cavalry Commander Fahri Bey has arrived at the scene by a rescue train

. The Commander will continue on his way. He orders a grand ceremony to be held for the martyrs, that the wounded be well looked after, and that intelligence operations be stepped up." – and hung up the phone. I was frozen to the spot.

The Command now recognises the delicacy and importance of the situation

has been identified. It has been decided to combat this with a very

serious and extensive organisation. In this context, the personnel of

my branch have also been identified:

: Mr Ahmet Durmuş, who has introduced himself at the Akabe Command,

, has been assigned to my branch, which

delighted me immensely. He knew the Keban region very well and spoke excellent Arabic.

FIRST SUCCESS

A routine, clichéd coastal surveillance report repeated day in, day

out:

To the Ministry of War; •

An English cruiser arrived from the direction of Jaffa at around

five o'clock today, passed off the coast of Haifa, *and* disappeared

from view in the evening darkness.

8th Corps Command

Every time I receive this report, my peace of mind is disturbed; I was trying to make sense of the fact that a British warship

ship appearing at the same time and in the same place every day

The coastal region stretching from Iskenderun to Gaza is currently

being patrolled by Gendarmerie units

The most dangerous area in the rear of the front is between Haifa and Nasra. Given its importance, it was decided to send several intelligence officers to Nasra: Sherif, Sami, Arif and Ahmet Bey set off for Nasra disguised as contractors, ostensibly to purchase provisions. The following coded message was also sent to the Nasra District Commander:

To the Nasra Sector Commander, Mr Yunus Haydar: (For his

eyes only.)

1 - A British warship must be kept under surveillance in your sector every day

and performing *this* duty consistently and regularly according to a fixed schedule is the latest

This is a matter of particular note. The fact that the British cruiser passes by the same locations at the same time every day has been interpreted as being related to the Jews residing within your district, rather than as a matter of reconnaissance or surveillance. Accordingly, the corps is relying on your experience and authority to ensure that the necessary measures are taken and that the matter is resolved by placing particular emphasis on coastal surveillance.

2 - Sherif, Sami, Arif and Ahmet Beys have been placed at your disposal to work on this matter and have been sent to your district

. I request that the results be reported to the corps.

Nasra Sector Commander Yunus Haydar Bey was, in truth, a capable and hard-working commander. Two days later, we received the following coded message: To the 8th Corps Command;

A gendarme on his way to the squad headquarters spotted a man wandering near the shore of Zimmarin village, making signals with a match in the darkness of the night and apprehended him.

This Jewish man, named Abraham Habon, was under the command of—

has been brought before us. This individual, who in his statement insisted on claiming to be unaware of anything, will

and thereby enabling us to apprehend his accomplices

and thereby apprehend his accomplices.

Nasra District Command

Upon receiving this cipher, the Corps Command reported that Abraham Ha-

’s accomplices were also apprehended and immediately sent to Damascus under heavy guard. Duru-108 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

was becoming increasingly important, the Corps chemist, Ali Rıza,

and the assistant chief veterinary officer, Tevfik Bey,

were also sent to Nasra. In this way, our intelligence organisation in Nasra had been thoroughly reinforced and its activities had begun to bear fruit.

***

THE UNSOLVED KNOT

After the headquarters was moved to Maan, Miss Si-

mon began to be seen in public very rarely. That night, when she asked about the train’s departure date, I was thoroughly annoyed

and, quite rightly, I had begun to suspect Lieutenant Yasin, whose lineage and family tree had been inscribed in the enigmatic, tangled registers of Damascus.

Under the guise of love and sympathy, as if to utterly enchant me,

following the conversation that had just taken place before me, I

altered the nature of my relationship with both of them.

. However, this betrayal had cost Yasin Bey dearly. For the chief aide-de-camp Hasan Bey, who had been martyred in the recent disaster,

was Yasin’s elder brother. His death in such a manner had left Yasin utterly devastated. That evening, we were alone at headquarters. I thought I’d tease him a little; he faltered. The wound in his heart had not yet scabbed over. He seemed to be writhing in the agony of a criminal’s conscience

, he seemed to be writhing in the agony of a criminal’s conscience. I made him the following offer:

- Mr Yasin, come on, let’s go for a walk.

- Walking is forbidden to me, my dear.

- What’s the matter, my dear? Has the world come to an end?

- Losing a brother as big as a mountain in such a terrible

way—doesn’t that make the world seem as though it’s come

crashing down?

- Fate!... What can one say about it... We’re all just...

. The only thing that changes is the cause. One day before… Five

days later… That’s the whole difference…

This consolation comforted him a little; in a cheerful voice:

- “Let’s actually go somewhere. I’ve had enough of these writings since this morning.” – he said. I asked:

- Where shall we go?

- To the cinema...

- At this hour, the cinemas are about to close. Come on, let’s go

this evening, madam, and forget our troubles for a moment—

for a moment."

Mr Yasin looked at me in astonishment:

“Which young lady?!” he said

- How many young ladies do we know, for heaven’s sake?

Miss Simon...

That name had a bitter, bitter effect on Yasin’s face; suddenly:

- "If you miss her so much, then go on, goodbye... I’m going to bed; I’m very tired today."

Ever since that fateful day, Mr Yasin had cut off all contact with

Mademoiselle Simon, and they were no longer seen together. As

he was leaving to go to bed:

- “You devil, you…” he muttered.

***

When Mademoiselle Simon saw me standing before her at midnight,

she was so astonished she froze:

- “At this hour! What a blessing!” – trying to hide her excitement with such words, we entered the room. When she looked at me with those fiery eyes, burning like two rare black pearls, I felt a sweet warmth spreading through my very bones, 110 CEVAT RİFÂT ATİLHAN

spread through my very bones. In such a warm climate, where lust radiated from every corner, how difficult it is for a man to maintain self-control in the presence of a woman so beautiful and alluring...

- “You’ve been missed, my friend,” she began;

- I imagine you've been rather busy, but

it pains me deeply that you wouldn't spare even an hour or two for

our friendship.

- I've come to make amends. Miss...

She stood up and went outside. A short while later, she returned with a bottle of wine and two crystal glasses. We began to drink. During the conversation, she steered the talk towards Yasin Bey several times; she asked for news of him. I gave evasive answers. Whilst trying to

, she was striving to present herself to me with a thousand charms and amorous games. Until late at night, armed with her passion and my sense of duty, we teased and taunted one another with witty remarks, sarcasm and playful banter; then, when I rose to take my leave:

- "So soon?" she said.

She did not take her gaze from my eyes, as if to remind me of the

love and passion overflowing from her own.

"I'm very tired; I need to go and lie down," I said.

"If there is no objection to you staying here, ensuring your every

comfort would be a particular pleasure for me."

- Trying to explain why a single officer should spend the night in the home of a woman as beautiful as you would only

; that is why I must go. I shall return tomorrow evening. The hours I have set aside for you are precious.

At these words, he stood up. He bowed his head. Yü-SİMİ

SİMON 111

was suddenly overcome by a sense of sadness. Taking my hands, he

pleaded insistently:

- If you would allow us to spend this lovely evening together,

you would make me very happy.

I bowed respectfully before him.

- “I shall come tomorrow night,” I said, and left without giving him time to reply.

In the morning, I reviewed Lieutenant Seyfeddin’s reports again; no

one but a man named Kampeas, a photographer living on the same

street as Mademoiselle Simon’s house, had entered. This sly fellow,

whose shop is in the Hamidiye Bazaar,

scoundrel, with his camera in hand, goes everywhere.

I visited Mademoiselle Simon three nights in a row. This

woman any thing of all amazing a capacity capacity is certainly... I felt him melting like a candle before me and—

. A sorrow of love has completely settled upon her face. I wonder

: “I wonder... could this woman, in my indifference, have actually begun to fall in love with me?” I say.

Once we had plunged him into a state of complete ‘surrender’, convinced that the time had come for him to open up,

I asked:

- Mademoiselle Simon, do you believe in my sincerity?

- Is it necessary for you to ask that?

- There are certain things I need to learn from you in order to

help you...

This young woman, who possessed the determination never to lose her composure,

this young woman, with a natural and calm demeanour, replied: 112 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

- "I'm listening," she replied.

- We've only just met, yet I find you so endearing and warm that

there's no doubt about our mutual affection.

and warm. In the work I've been engaged in as part of my duties, your name has begun to come up over the last few days. The reports I've received indicate that you have connections with a large espionage network. If that is the case, we have plenty of time ahead of us. I wish to find and choose the only viable path for you together. I want to save you, and if necessary, take

responsibility to ; to help you to to , you must enlighten me. Do not hide the truth from me;

otherwise we may be too late. Be assured that your fate will ruin me

more than it will ruin you...

The young woman laughed nervously. I could sense she was

clinging desperately to her self-control to keep from losing it.

- Your words have hurt me deeply. However, it is my duty to warn you that you are

direction.

From the very first day, I could sense your doubts about me through your reserved behaviour. To tear apart

I did everything in my power

I did. I a friend a person. In life sole purpose: to love and to make love. To assume that the affection I feel for you and

the way this affection has finally blossomed into a pure love—to assume this is a matter of exploitation when there is no serious reason for it—makes me miserable

. But rest assured that the love I feel for you is pure and innocent

enough to dispel all your doubts...

For three nights, despite using all my willpower and wits to , I

have been unable to extract even the slightest secret from

Mademoiselle Simon’s lips. I felt with every fibre of my being that

this magnificent woman was one of the leading figures in a dreadful

spy network. Yet, despite my best efforts,

despite my persistent efforts, I was still unable to obtain a single

clue.

TWO CHIEFS FALL INTO OUR HANDS

The Nasra District Commander came to the telegraph machine

himself and began communicating via the Hüg telegraph:

"Second Lieutenant Şerif has captured another spy named Samuel Anna. We confronted him with Abraham,

Habon, whom we had previously captured; they confessed to providing information to enemy ships

. However, they insist that this has no connection with the situation at the front.

The truth is that... These men belong to a large and well-organised

organisation and every day they send the intelligence they gather about our troops in bottles into the sea, and these bottles are retrieved by a boat lowered from an enemy ship to an unguarded spot on the shore. Although Samuel Anna confessed these facts to Second Lieutenant Şerife, convinced he would be pardoned, he has since denied them before the committee I have formed. The District Command will spare no effort in this endeavour **and** will not hesitate to **make any**

sacrifice to uncover the truth."

The Corps Command ordered that these two spies be sent to

Damascus under heavy guard and with the utmost

to Damascus. Shortly afterwards—

these two Jewish leaders, brought to Damascus, were immediately interrogated before the military tribunal chaired by District Governor Fahri Bey. Unfortunately, it was impossible to learn anything in a court proceeding conducted in the strictest sense of justice. Yet, regarding the activities and members of the entire network, the most

richest information regarding the network's activities and members could only have been obtained from them. He ordered that they be subjected to a special interrogation by a commission, to be held under my supervision at the Corps Headquarters, with the participation of Major Durmuş and legal adviser Halil Rıfat Bey.

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/''•••

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Samuel Anna... A medium-built, blue-eyed, fair-haired Yahu—

. With his tiny eyes and timid gaze, he was spinning round and round. Despite being extremely timid, when questioned he would stretch out like a rubber band and stiffen like a stone.

- What is your name?

- Samuel Anna.

- Where do you live?

- In Zummarin.

- Where did you come from?

- From Poland.

- Why did you come?

- We’re refugees.

- Do you have a house or a field? Are you happy with your life?

- I have everything. I have my wife and children too. I’m

happy with my life.

- Are you also satisfied with the state that provides you with this

good life?

- Yes... Long live the state...

- Then why are you committing treason?

- No! I'm not! I'm innocent!

- In that case, is the officer who caught you red-handed lying?

SIMI SIMON .....

He fell silent, turning bright red. From then on, our questions

went entirely unanswered. Our nerves were stretched like a bowstring. We had to speak to these wretched creatures in a language they would understand:

- We're sending you to prison now. You'll have until tomorrow

. If you want to save your life, you'll tell the truth as it is; if you deny it again, committing such a crime in a war zone is enough to warrant a firing squad.

In fact, it's more than enough...

I was certain that these final words had penetrated

. His face had gone deathly pale, his hands and feet were trembling. We took him out immediately.

Abraham Habon, with his greasy, wavy blond hair and sparkling eyes. A Jew with a foul face from which evil oozed. He too was one of the old Polish immigrants. Crushed under the weight of his own wickedness; he spoke with great difficulty. His shoulders were slumped, his eyes fixed on the ground

Exhausted and worn out, the three of us struggled for minutes on end—

but we were unable to extract any useful information. Repeating the same words to him, we sent him to prison along with Samuel Anna.

The next day, Samuel Anna agreed to deny his guilt

; he was so convinced that he would be killed if he persisted in his denial that... His first words were:

‘Tell the Pasha, if he pardons me, I will tell you everything exactly as it happened,’ he said.

We conveyed Samuel’s request to the commander. After he was

assured that he would not be killed if he told everything truthfully:

- If you recount everything that has happened truthfully and clearly,

the Pasha promises to spare you from death. Let’s hear it...

***

- Believe me; have mercy. I will tell you everything I know. We

are being burned though we are innocent. May God burn them!

-"Who are 'they'?"

- We are second-class people in our villages; there are devils who manipulate us like puppets. All these calamities are their—

We are living a life of slavery under their rule.

If we do not carry out the orders they give us, they will not let us live.

- So these people are more powerful than the government, is that it?

- No, sir, no, but they have us poor people in their grip, and they're driving us about as they please.

Having said this, with a swift movement, he clung to each of our skirts in turn and began to weep bitterly. Major Durmuş Bey's patience must have finally run out

, he said:

- "Come on, man, stop dragging it out—stop crying and just tell us... Tell us what's tormenting you... Look, we've even secured a promise from the Pasha for you..."

he shouted.

Samuel Annâ fell silent, as if somewhat relieved. He thought for a minute or two; his eyes widened, and he screamed as if losing his mind:

-They've burned us! Now it's our turn. We have two leaders who control us, make us do whatever they want, and send reports in bottles to the enemy ship: Jozef Tobin and Naman Belkend!...

The Nasra District Commander was summoned to the engine

room and given the following order:

"A strong force comprising the infantry battalion stationed in Nasra and the Gendarmerie units under the command of the District Command

will blockade the town of Zammarin. Contact between the town and the outside world will be severed, and this operation will be carried out swiftly and secretly during the night without anyone noticing.

The homes of Jozef Tobin and Naman Bel-

will have their homes raided, they will be arrested, and all relevant documents will be confiscated. Following their initial interrogation, if any other individuals are to be arrested, they will all be sent to Damascus without delay under strict guard."

These two ringleader spies were arrested the very moment they were found in their homes—

From the moment they were brought to Damascus, they played the part of the innocent with great composure and made not the slightest confession. The first to be interrogated in Damascus was Jozef Tobin, a Jewish man of medium height, with hazel eyes and a polite demeanour. He has a pleasant manner. He is quite calm; he looks at us as if we were an old acquaintance, a friend

: "Gentlemen!.." he addresses us in a commanding tone… You might think that before us is not a spy, but a true patriot about to deliver a speech, and that he is the one speaking:

-What is your name?

- Jozef Tobin.

-Where are you from?

-As an immigrant from Russia.

- Has a place, a home, been provided for you here?

-Yes.

-We understand that you are a man of means and live in prosperity;

is that correct?

-May Allah grant the Sultan a long life...

-Very well... Now answer this question: You prayed for the life of

for the Sultan and his army, why did you betray them?..

- You are mistaken... We have committed no sin...

- Not at all?

- !!...

- These cameras... What are these items?

- Before the war, an Austrian merchant left these with us as

a deposit.

-Who is this merchant and where is he?

- His name is Her Patak. But I do not know where he is now.

It is certain that this name and incident are nothing but a simple lie with no basis in truth; for there was no need whatsoever for this small Jewish village to possess thirty-one lira's worth of

It was impossible to imagine a man so foolish as to leave behind a

pile of machinery and materials,

- Jozef Tobin, your crime is a grave one. You are wasting your

efforts trying to conceal it. Tell the truth.

- I haven't actually committed any crime… what am I supposed to say?!

- In that case, you will be made to suffer the punishment you

deserve. I imagine you realise that too.

-Justice..!

We could not bear to let him finish. Even

how strange it is for a wretched spy, who has knowingly betrayed a state that has ensured every a request that was!... Justice SİMİ SIMON
.....

would have been realised, but not the kind of justice he desired, of course. For he deliberately allowed his own soldiers—regarded as the sons of the homeland—to be stabbed in the back by the enemy in the

and who inflicted wounds upon the nation's heart that would never heal

the nation's heart—to make such scoundrels suffer the punishment they deserve would surely be true justice.

Indeed, the existence of a state that would go so far as to leave the perpetrators of such heinous acts of treason and the cowardly murders committed on such a vast scale

could not be conceived.

Yet, despite all this, we stand before a statue

and who, despite all the positive evidence against him, says nothing more than – "We are innocent. We demand justice!" – we have, in truth, resorted to every fair and humane means to make this hardened criminal speak. Acting in good conscience, we have refrained to the utmost from coercion and pressure. Indeed, in the face of this situation, the corps chief medical officer, Mr Ne-

, advised us to try to make them speak

. We communicated this idea to the 4th Army. The Army Medical Director, Professor Neşet

Ömer Bey (*) gave his consent. He even indicated that this experiment could only

Dr Abdi Muhtar, a well-known psychologist and lecturer at the Faculty of Medicine in Beirut, could carry out this experiment.

Consequently, the Governor of Syria, Tahsin Bey (*), ensured that the esteemed

Dr Abdi Muhtar to come to Damascus for this purpose.

Extracting information from spies through suggestion and hypnosis

(*) He is still alive; he is Ordinary Professor Dr Neşet Ömer Bey, and he wishes to state that he was alive at the time this book was written and its first edition published.

(*) The late Tahsin Özer, 3rd General Inspector of Erzurum.

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The method was perhaps to be tried for the first time at the

headquarters of the 8th Corps in Damascus.

. Naman Belkend. This is a different sort altogether. Constantly moving—

under his constantly moving eyelids, his blue-glass-coloured eyes flickered on and off like sooty lighthouses, gazing around in bewilderment. He is so frail... A mere breath would knock him to the ground. It is impossible to get a word out of him.

Both were left to the care of Abdi Muhtar Bey. The esteemed master

Abdi Muhtar Bey, who had achieved a degree of success in his

experiments, first announced to us that Naman Belkend had spoken. I

am transcribing his German statement verbatim:

"I was **madly** in love with **a Jewish girl in** our **village. I had even begun making preparations to** marry **her. Then the war**

broke out, and my beloved was abducted by another Jew. I was frantic with despair—

...and I was travelling from village **to village in search of my beloved. The British captured me; I told them my story. They promised that if** I could **provide information on Turkish** military **movements and the rear lines**, **they** would **help me find my beloved and hand** her **over** to me**..."** he said, hoping to make a quick start

to get out of the situation easily. However, Joseph Tobin refused to say a single word, even in the face of such a small act of kindness. He insisted that he had no connection whatsoever with the matter. But alas, when his house was searched, the highly important documents and papers retrieved from a specially made chest with secret compartments

proved sufficient to lay bare his entire conduct and identity.

SIMISIMON 121

One of these contained the following information:

"Minister of War Enver Pasha arrived in Damascus. From there, he travelled to Beirut and Lebanon to conduct a military inspection. He was dissatisfied with the units containing a large number of Arab soldiers. Enver Pasha, together with the 4th Army Commander, Grand Cemal, and the 8th Corps Commander,

, travelled to Medina via the Hejaz route. This journey is connected with the evacuation of Medina. However, the governor of Medina, Fahreddin Pasha

(*), was strongly opposed to this evacuation. He stated that he would defend Medina until the last soldier remained.

No information has yet been received regarding the decisions made.

It is believed that the other commanders support this evacuation. Dissatisfaction is growing in the cities,

and the number of the hungry and destitute is increasing."

How strange! The contents of this and many similar confidential

and vital documents are known only to the staff officers of the

army and corps

offices in strictly strictly , , this Jewish agents managed to obtain such reliable intelligence and

has truly astonished us all—

had been. As things stood, the fire had, alas, already taken hold of the castle.

A second document also provided the following information:

"The fortress in Mount Lebanon, which had not yet entered the war

until now , 17th infantry regiment, at – Tiberias and arrived in Nasra. After staying there for a while

, it set off for Ramle. It is said that it is heading for the Gaza front. The commander of the regiment's first **battalion** is Turkish Major Hüsnü; **the commander** of the second battalion is **the Baghdad-born Arab** (*) – may Allah grant him a long life – the esteemed General Fahreddin Türkan, who is still alive.

Nafiz, and the commander of the third battalion is Ziya Bey, an

Arab from Damascus. Sixty-five per cent of the troops are

Arabs. It was believed that this regiment had little military

value

. Desertions **are rife; it is quite clear from the fact that over 200**

soldiers have deserted, a fact easily discernible from the weapons being transported by camels. There has been no change whatsoever in the coastal observation posts in the Nasra area."

Once all these documents had been sorted and

, Jozef Tobin and Naman Belkend fully realised that there was no longer any point in denying the truth and that they were facing certain death. A fear for their lives

; the colour had drained from their faces; the eyes that had

previously looked at us with indifference and a sense of

superiority, now begged for mercy for the survival of their sinful

bodies.

These two Jewish heroes, striving to fulfil the promise of the ‘Promised Land’ as proclaimed by Moses, were in a state of mind

, had fallen into a state of mind where they were prepared to satisfy us by confessing the crimes they had committed for the sake of treason, in the hope that perhaps, even if only from death, they might be spared. We asked:

- Jozef Tobin, you have seen these documents, you have heard them, and you recognise them. You can no longer see any point in denying them, can you?

- Whatever the Divine Judgement may be...

- So you’re saying, ‘We accept the punishment for what we’ve done’?

- It has happened now... Let us resign ourselves to our misfortune...

- Who else is in your organisation?

- Aranson is our leader. SIMI

SIMON 123

- Where is this man?

- He is currently in the British-occupied zone.

- How do you make contact with him?

- Every evening, an English cruiser passing by the shore signals

and we lower a boat into the sea to exchange reports and documents in bottles...

- Who is in charge of our organisation on our side?

-??..

- Do not remain silent; there is no longer any benefit

. Perhaps if you confess the truth, a glimmer of hope might dawn for you as a reward...

Jozef Tobin was rubbing his hands and writhing in hesitation

. He moved a little closer and continued in a slow, trembling voice, as if begging for mercy:

- If you spare my life, I will tell you everything as it is. Imprison me for years; just

do not kill me...

- We shall convey this request to the commander. As you know,

Our authority does not extend that far, but tell him everything; perhaps the commander will pardon you entirely for speaking the truth.

Ahmed Durmuş and

Halil Rıfat Bey also confirmed this. Jozef Tobin was trembling and going through a terrible crisis. Finally, he

and continued:

‘Like many unfortunate citizens, we too were serving this Aranson

devil’s organisation. This work of ours

was the holiest and most national of aims for all Jews—

and have now deceived us all, casting us into the fire—124 CEVAT RIFAT ATİLHAN

have cast us into the fire. We have, alas, realised far too late that they were encouraging us to commit evil against a state

has now, alas, been realised far too late. But what can we do? Those poisonous propaganda campaigns had enslaved our souls and cast us, like Aranson, under the control of a powerful leader. It was under this intense pressure and influence, without any control over our own wills, that we were betraying our homeland and our army.

It was so difficult to keep one's composure in the face of such a brazen confession... I could not bear it:

- Jozef Tobin, do not forget that you are far from being someone whose will is in the hands of another. On the contrary, it is precisely because you possess a strong will that you have earned the esteem of your famous leader Aranson and found yourself among his key associates

.

He, once again, chose to handle the situation cunningly,

drifted as far as possible from the essence of the matter. But alas, he knew full well that we took the matter very seriously. Before relinquishing his lofty ideal, he wished to test us once more:

- "Spare my life. In return for your humanitarian aid, I shall give you all my wealth. Furthermore, thousands of British gold coins are at your disposal." – He could not resist making this despicable offer. This proposal deeply distressed us all. Even the purest idealist of this people still believes that everything can be bought with money! For them, a honourable independence is such a futile desire!

- Continue. But set aside the matter of wealth and gold—

and speak as such.

- Naman Belkent and I frequently went over to the English side

ŞİMİ SİMON 125

We would take the orders and instructions we received from there to Arason's representative on this side. We would also pass on the intelligence gathered by our third- and fourth-tier

—we were also passing on the intelligence gathered by our agents in the third and fourth tiers to the British in the bottles you know about,

-Who is Arason's representative on this side?

- You'll spare my life, won't you?

-Sacrifice is a two-way street. Just start telling us, and we'll do our best.

-Aranson's representative here is 'Madam Sara'.

- Where is this woman?

- In the town of Zimmarin.

We all looked at one another. This town called Zimmarin had now

become a mystery in its own right.

The most notorious traitorous spies had gathered in this place. So, without our knowing it, Zimmarin

was Zimmarin, of which we had no inkling. Although

front, although it was plagued by gunpowder and fire, presented a situation far more dangerous than either of those.

Jozef Tobin continued speaking:

- Ask Madam Sara about everything. Anahtra is in her

hands. Bring her here and make her speak. She will tell you everything, inside and out, in great detail. Here, I am revealing the most sacred secret to you.

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MADAM SARA

Madam Sara was abducted from her home in the village of

Zimmarin whilst she was sleeping peacefully on a dark night.

Turkish officers, despite her advanced age, 126 CEVAT RIFAT

ATİLHAN

who had not yet lost her beauty,

who, despite her advanced age, had not yet lost her beauty,
She awoke calmly

and with complete composure and courtesy:

- “Welcome, gentlemen,” she said, offering them cognac and liqueur. She dressed so slowly that, without neglecting a single adornment, she completed her make-up down to the finest detail before saying: “I am at your service.”

Upon receiving the first

report regarding Madame Sarar, we were very pleased. The Command ordered that Madame Sarar be sent to Damascus on the very first train,

.

Although the house was searched right down to its most hidden corners, no

documents were found. However, a photograph of Mademoiselle

Simon, taken in Jerusalem two years earlier and found in the family

album, was of particular interest to us.

We began to wait impatiently for Madame Sara. We

regarded her as a knot. If we could untie it, our task would be considerably easier.

This chief spy, travelling amongst the passengers on the train—Captain Necmeddin and Lieutenant Muzaffer Bey—

, this chief spy, whilst passing through the Shahap Valley,

. The officers move to the adjacent compartment for a minute or two. Seizing this very opportunity, she casts herself into the rugged Shahap Valley. Madam Sara, tumbling from the heights onto the jagged rocks, is

. Thus, she is buried in oblivion and darkness, along with the countless secrets she carried.

SIMISIMON . 127

A REUNION IN DAMASCUS

The Nasra District Command is constantly securing new successes.

Two men named Benjamen and Rotenberg from Haifa, and three

more spies named Alber, Isaac and Jules from the village of Canna,

were captured and sent to Damascus.

The Military Court, together with Jozef Tobin and Naman Belkent,

was thoroughly grilling these five newly arrived spies.

Two more individuals, named Insul from Tiberias and Vayinberg from Keferkenna,

were also captured. Following these, a relentless wave of arrests began,

like a never-ending stream. The prisons in Damascus were packed to bursting. Indeed, we were even forced to use some small mosques

and prayer halls were even forced to be used as prisons.

The Governor of Syria, Tahsin Bey, had been compelled to inform the corps

and the protection of the spies being sent to Damascus every day.

Consequently, the city of Damascus was becoming increasingly

tense.

To rescue the captured Jewish idealists, every possible effort was

being made behind the scenes, and every sort of

Suspicious characters willing to make sacrifices were beginning to

emerge. Our work in this important city, which serves as a

command centre, is increasing and diversifying with each passing

day. Indeed,

not just our days, but our weeks were passing almost without sleep.

This evening, I prepared to visit Mademoiselle Simon, whom I had

deliberately avoided for some time. When I found her

, I first thought she had been invited somewhere. She greeted me cheerfully. She took my hand in hers and, stroking it at length, said:

- I was so very hopeful that you would come this evening that I

tidied my room, prepared the appetisers myself and, dressing in a

way I thought you'd like, began waiting for you,

-Well, how did you know I was definitely coming?

- A woman in love waits for her beloved almost every evening,

just as I do...

she replied. We entered the room, laughing. I told her how busy I'd

been, that I hadn't even had time to eat or sleep.

- I accept the duty, Vazife. And it's your duty, too!

Mademoiselle Simon, this evening her room was more than usual

It had been decorated with great care. So much so that it seemed as though a young and beautiful girl were to be the bride in this room tonight. A heady, intoxicating scent of perfume had permeated the air. Freshly picked flowers still retained the fiery brilliance of their colours. Snow-white, starched tablecloths were spread over the tables. We gazed at one another for a moment: 'I've missed you and your company so much, Mr Cevat…' she said. I appeared to be busy surveying the surroundings. When I received no reply:

- I cannot imagine anything

. “There’s plenty of wine on the table tonight,” I said,

deliberately changing the subject.

- You drink as much as your pleasures, your joy and your love

can bear...

The glasses began to fill and empty, but strangely, what had

happened to me this evening? I felt as though I’d become drunk

. Was there some sort of drug in the wine? But that’s impossible, SIMISIMON . 129

, because we were both drinking the same wine and my glass was

spotless. So I must have been tired and my nerves were on edge.

When I refused the glass Simon held out, he sat down at the head of the table, looking sad

at the piano. Up until this very moment as I write these lines, I have never heard music so exceptional anywhere; he was playing and my soul was sighing. I do not know

I remained like that, lost in ecstasy, for quite some time. When I

opened my eyes, I saw that Simon was weeping. He approached me

. The curves and proportions of his body had left me spellbound and motionless. He collapsed into my arms.

I took the goblet from his hand and emptied it:

- What has come over us tonight, Simon?

- I don’t know about you. But I...

Faced with such a rare woman’s infuriating approach, my willpower

was stretched like a bowstring. I was at a loss as to what to do. I

took hold of her by the waist and gently sat her down on the sofa

beside me. Her face was deathly pale. She began to speak

:

- Tonight I will tell you who I am. I will lay all my secrets before

you. Perhaps in this way I might at least rest for a moment in the

embrace of your mercy. I was raised by a woman named

Robinovich. Bastards

usually know their mothers. I am one of those wretched bastards who do not even know their own mother. Though Rabinoviç gave me a perfect

upbringing and life; I opened my eyes to a life of comfort. To this

day, I have never suffered any material hardship. Yet there are

such chasms within me that, had I not turned to

, I would have bid farewell to life long ago. My first love blossomed

in Rabinoviç’s nephew Born-

; we both loved each other madly—130 CEVAT RİFAT ATİLHAN

We were on our way. But before long, war broke out. The poor boy

was forced to flee to Europe. And ever since that day

I have been left to writhe in Rabinoviç's merciless and ruthless clutches.

I was so devastated that I thought, 'So the care and esteem shown to me were merely to be used to betray me one day!'. I was being handed over to Turkish and German officers and had been ordered to extract information from them

. If I did not do as they wished, my body would be

in an instant in an instant in an instant had . In life for the first time I found myself face to face with a creature who feared not God. A

This dreadful woman, capable of committing atrocities that even the

devil could not conceive, was bearing down on me a little more with

each passing day. I swear to you on all that is sacred to me that,

without acquiring even the

bit of information that might serve this vile woman's purposes, I succeeded in deceiving her at every opportunity. Among the officers I met, there were

were such upright men that I could find no reasonable cause to shed the blood of these and thousands of other innocent and honourable souls. I even came to love one of these officers. In such an environment, what other purpose could a girl like me have but to fall in love?

After saying this, Simon fell silent. He sat there lost in thought

for a while; a terrible weariness was etched on his face

...he said. He took a deep breath: 'A little wine...' he pleaded. I filled the glass and handed it to him. He drank and continued speaking

.

- You know that Kanpeas fellow, the one who hasn't left a single

nook and cranny untouched with his camera? Every day, like a

nightmare,

haunts me and my home like a nightmare. He is Rabinoviç's right-

hand man in Damascus. I fear for my life and am seeking refuge with

you.

SHIMI SIMON . 1 3 1

As she told me this, she was sobbing so hard it was heart-wrenching

I tried to comfort him. But as the wine flowed,

, I too was burning with the desire to get him to speak properly, to make him tell me everything he knew. I gave him some wine. He drank, wept, wept and told his story;

- When I expressed my gratitude to Yasin Bey for introducing you to me, he was terribly offended.

We had met him in Jerusalem, at the Fast Hotel.

At first, I found him pleasant, but he gradually began to get on my nerves. He was following me around morning and night. When we arrived in Damascus

he used our acquaintance in Jerusalem to further his relationship

increase wanted to. However, as as he grew
I towards him. As you know, Mr Yasin was an Arab

he absolutely hates Turks—perhaps you're aware of this. His inhuman, strange feelings were getting on my nerves.

As the time came, I asked him straight away;

- Why did you want to find out from Mr Yasin that evening about

the headquarters' move to Maan?

- I heard it at the Damascus Palace. I was wondering whether you

were going or not. I was only concerned about this

, as you know, Yasin Bey’s elder brother had also died on that

journey.

We both fell silent. That night, it was as if all our feelings and

intellect were clashing. We drank another glass of wine. With a nonchalant air:

- "Madam too Rabinoviç in where are you from?" - I way: I asked. He

- He’d come from Poland,..

- What did he do for a living?

-His land and a his houses casino and . Furthermore, hotel. in Jerusalem large

- So, what was his real intention?

- It is impossible to fathom his true nature. All I know is that he

possesses a spirit ready to sacrifice everything, anytime and

anywhere, for the sake of Zionism.

- So why are the British helping against us?

- All these fools believe that if the British win the war, an independent Jewish state will be established on the lands of Jerusalem. And that the British, in particular, will provide extensive assistance in its establishment. It is for the sake of this delusion that they are committing all manner of treachery and murder.

- Well, why does such a sacred cause appeal to you—

?

- There is no one else to whom I can explain this point but you. I do

not even know whether I am Jewish or not. I am utterly alone in this

world. For me, there is a concern for the heart and love rather than

for country or nation. If I could convince you that I have

, you would pity me so much, you would love me so much that... Alas, I feel that an inappropriate suspicion is gnawing away at my happiness at every moment.

Having said all this, he looked into my eyes

and looked into my eyes. I

was trying to analyse the impression it had made on me. Beautiful Simon's direct assault had thrown me into disarray. I fell into such a state of indecision that I had no choice but to try to free myself as soon as possible from this dreadful charm that was increasingly captivating me

. SIMON NOW ..: 133

The following morning, the photographer Kanpeas was immediately arrested and

and sent to court-martial. There was nothing left to be done

regarding Madame Rabinoviç; for that night, Jerusalem had

slipped from our grasp.

ABRAHAM BLUM

Fifteen from Damascus, nine from Beirut, three from Sidon, four from Aka,

37 ringleaders from Haifa and a host of traitors from almost all the

Jewish villages, including their members, were...

The suspects had been apprehended. The members of the court-martial, without a moment's respite, had been conducting the interrogations of the hundreds of scoundrels being sent to Damascus; their nerves were now frayed and they were utterly exhausted. The more they pressed them, the more new names emerged, and behind every name lurked a treacherous grin. Today, Izidor Eron and Abraham Blum are being confronted. Izidor Eron, a cowardly Jew with a sullen face and shabby clothes.

- "Do not harm me; I will tell you everything I know," he began:

- I will atone for the mistake I made out of ignorance by telling you everything.
I am the servant of this Abraham Blum

. One cannot disobey his orders. First, he starves you; if you go

further and resist, he will destroy your body without mercy. My

duty was to throw the bottles he gave me into the sea at specific

times.

-Is there no other man?

- There is. His name is Shalom. I've seen him a few times. He's

a devil in human form!... God sent him to earth to deceive people!... He goes from village to village. He spreads propaganda. He goes to and from Beirut.

- Do you know where he's wandering now? 134

.. CE VAT RİFÂT ATİ LH AN

- I'd heard he'd gone to the Batron area recently.

I have told you everything I know. Spare my life!...

- If what you've said is true, we'll tell the Pasha at the end of

the trial.

Abraham Blum is the owner of a wealthy haberdashery shop in

Tripoli. He opened this shop before the Great War. He is a man as

burly as a wrestler. And he is so elegantly dressed...

With his pale face and eyes bursting from their sockets, filled with hatred, he stares at people like a raging beast. On his fingers are rings set with large stones, and on his wrist is a valuable watch adorned with a delicate gold chain. When Death came upon him as an inevitability—

he speaks defiantly, as if he'd resolved to stand his ground and defend his ideals:

- Where did you come from to Tripoli?

-From Warsaw...

-What is your purpose here?

- To do business.

- Why did you choose this place?

- It is our right to do the work we want, wherever we want.

- Did you come from Russia?

- I stayed in Jaffa for a while.

- Why did you leave Jaffa?

- Because I felt like it, that’s why...

- Didn’t you have a political motive? He

curled his lip and shrugged his shoulders.

SIMI SIMON . 135

-Do you know this man standing before you, called Izidor

Eron?

- He comes and goes to my shop. I know him through business

dealings. As he spoke these words, he was so insolent and

careless that

we could barely keep our tempers in check.

- You are still insisting on denying it. Yet it is in your own

interest to tell the truth.

- What possible benefit could I have?

- For example, a part of you that could save your life might

become apparent...

- The power and authority lie with you.

- We wish to determine the extent of your betrayal so that we

may use our strength and authority appropriately.

- But I haven’t betrayed you... I’ve done my duty.

- Your duty towards us? I mean, the heroic sons of a nation that has opened its arms to you—

and who, without expecting anything in return, has allowed you to live in freedom and prosperity—did you fulfil your duty by stabbing the heroic sons of that nation in the back at their most vulnerable

by stabbing them in the back, and by attempting to beg for

freedom and independence from the victory you would secure for

the enemy forces?

- These lands have been promised to us by God. We do not eat

anyone else's bread. We live by our own labour and our own

wealth. We are striving to ensure our oppressed and destitute nation

lives freely on the sacred lands of Palestine.

- So why are you striving to beg for the bounties we have

bestowed upon you in abundance from our enemy? What reason

can you possibly give for this?

He himself felt that his defence had collapsed

foundations. He remained silent and could offer no reason. Only:

- "Chance and coincidence," he muttered,

- No!.. It is not luck or coincidence; you have longed for captivity, and everywhere you are proving that you deserve it.

Before us stands one who defends Zionism with pride and

Every possible means was tried to make this massive spy, who stubbornly refused to reveal even the slightest secret about his activities, talk. During the numerous searches carried out at his home,

nothing was found in the room other than a communication

machine. It appears that he was transmitting the intelligence he

gathered to his ships every night

and was burning the papers. He does not deny the evidence we have gathered against Abraham Blum. However, it was impossible to extract a single word from him regarding the organisation he led. Even when faced with death,

, he persisted in his defiance without the slightest hesitation.

The Coast Guard, together with a battalion sent from Lebanon

and all the forces of the Tripoli Mutasarrifate, searched for Shalom for fifteen days. Finally

they cornered and captured him in the centre of the town of Amyon in Mount Lebanon. A week later, he was brought to Damascus. As soon as he stepped off the train, he was immediately interrogated. When he was brought before us at dawn without a moment's respite, his spirits were utterly shattered

.

Shalom is of medium height and stocky build; he speaks whilst

making gestures like the clowns who play comic roles in travelling

theatre troupes. His head, resembling a toy with a loose screw,

constantly turns his head from side to side. His bulging eyes, which betray deceit and insincerity, are full of suspicion... y

SIMI SIMON . 137

- Where are you from?

- Thank God, I’m Ottoman, sir,

- We’re asking which country you’ve come from.

- I came from Russia,

- How were you serving Abraham Blum?

- I am innocent, do not touch me, sir!

- They also mentioned that your friends were all innocent at first

. But in the end they began to agreed. To spare both yourself and us the trouble, you

tell us what you know and what you’ve done, so that this matter

may be settled. The guilty eyes are fixed on each and every one

of us—

He led him about, begging for mercy. His knees had gone weak. He was trembling uncontrollably. Of all those we had interrogated so far, Shalom was undoubtedly the most cowardly,

Tevfik Bey, the district governor of Amyon, had sent the following

telegram to Azmi Bey, the Governor of Beirut:

"A Jew named Shalom has been spreading propaganda of discontent in the Büşeyrî and Ehdin regions, thereby inciting rebellion

. A Maronite gentleman named Marif Asafessuki**, known** for his loyalty **to our government, has reported that the Turkish army**

in Jerusalem, that very soon Damascus and other Syrian

, that soldiers were deserting constantly and that no punishment was being meted out due to their large numbers, and that a general amnesty was even being

. When this individual reported the matter to the district governor’s office, measures were immediately taken, and we apprehended Şâlom the following day.”

Upon reading this telegram, Şalom, in his bewilderment and as if pleading

children pleading to be spared a beating:

138. CEVAT RİFAT ATİLHAN

- "You’ve found out everything! You know it all!

But I am innocent, let me go..." he raved.

- What we know is enough for your execution. However, if you

Tripoli, we might be able to save you.

He was sweating with fear. He was in no state to speak, let alone

. We gave him water and took him outside. When we brought him back into the room, we found him a little more

. The interrogation continued:

- ‘Well, I’ll tell you whatever you want…’

- To whom were you bringing the information you’d gathered from the villages?

- To Abraham Blum, sir.

- What did he do with it?

- He was sending it to the French on the island of Arvat.

- With whom?

- With Izidor Eron.

- What sort of information were you gathering?

- Whilst travelling around Lebanese villages to sell goods,

spreading rumours in the village cafés, such as 'Famine has begun in the Jabal al-Lubnan; banditry is on the rise, and the area is teeming with deserters…' and I would then go and tell Abraham Blum about the adverse effects this had on those present and their thoughts and opinions

. He, in turn, would report these to the island of Arvat.

- What other information were you gathering? For instance,

how do you obtain information regarding the commanders' decisions and plans?

SIMISIMON . 139

- Good heavens! That's not our job. We're only assigned to

do menial tasks like this.

- Who is the commander on Arvat Island?

- A French captain. Monsieur Formen. All information

goes to him, sir.

- Was communication carried out solely via bottles thrown into

the sea?

- No. Abraham Blum has a lamp-powered machine. He speaks

through it whenever he gets the chance. Sometimes Isidor Eron also

to pass on the message.

- Does Abraham Blum have no other men besides you and Isidor

Eron?

- It would not be right to lie to you, sir. Yes, he does. But they are

not in this region. There is Armondo, the restaurant owner in

Jubeil, and Nissen, the hotelier in Jounieh. They bring maps

showing the positions of the forces in Aliye

and t h e units in Beirut to Abraham Blum. He then reports these to Aryat.

Emir Yusuf Belle from the village of Dikfayya in Mount Lebanon—

Following a report made by a Druze chieftain named Ma, who had come to Damascus in person, Nissen had been in the clutches of the law for two days.

It proved impossible to capture Armondo. This cowardly Jew had

fled to the enemy side when he saw his life was in danger.

*** * ***

MADAM REBEKA SCHURSON

Throughout the entire war, we did not suffer the slightest harm from the Muslims of Beirut and Lebanon

. On the contrary, they did not withhold their loyalty and 140 CEV AT RIFAT ATİLHAN

honour. In contrast, the Christians of this region never hesitated to commit every possible act of treachery. In Beirut

we had sent Captain Sherif Bey to head the intelligence organisation we had specifically established. This valuable comrade was

rendered great service and, with a new success every day, infiltrated the nests of treachery and grappled with the most ruthless Jewish spies. On his last mission to Damascus, among the spies he had dispatched was a dangerous

woman. Although Madame R. Sürşon was over thirty-five,

, she looked fresher and more vigorous than an 18-year-old girl. Her radiant face, reminiscent of pink velvet,

bears the traces of a life spent in pleasure and ease.

Her large eyes, sparkling beneath long lashes, were enough to set a man's nerves ablaze.

Alas, this beautiful creature was using herself for such base purposes

. Nevertheless, despite our treating her with far more humanity than

she deserved, she displayed a tremendous stubbornness in her

denial. For this reason, she was forced to be softened in the damp

corridors of the Beramke barracks. When we took her to

headquarters

, we found him in a rather poor state. His colour had faded, and a

terrible haggardness had set in on his face.

He looked at us all sweetly and paid us compliments. I wonder if, in the damp cellars of Beramke Barracks that reeked of death, he—

Had he finally come to his senses after those agonising hours?

- Madam Rebeka, we would ask you to enlighten us

. If you wish to spare us further distress,

, please fulfil our request promptly; we shall endeavour to provide you with whatever humanitarian aid we can.

SIMI SIMON 141

- Believe me, I have no connection whatsoever with any network;

- and your connection to the activities of two Jewish spies named

Armando and Nissen has been fully established

. What benefit do you hope to gain by denying this?

Upon hearing these words, she pulled the hem of her dark brown

robe up a little higher. At that moment, she was imagining how her

exceptionally slender legs

with those exceptionally graceful legs, she was at that moment arousing our lust and plotting to ensnare us.

- Rest assured that everything I know consists solely of what I have

just heard from you. I do not know either Armando or Nissen

. I was left all alone after my husband was taken prisoner in Russia. I am writhing in my own loneliness and helplessness. Have mercy on me! And please

, I beg you!.. I have been in a wretched state for days in the damp cellars of the barracks. Save me!

With her exquisite figure and burning eyes, and her spotless body that gives a sense of transparency, she strives to dispel the air of seriousness and duty and pour the matter into emotion.

Despite all our insistence, there is no way of extracting even the slightest secret from her lips.

No matter how grave her crime, we did not possess the moral

authority to coerce or torture a woman. We returned her to

to her cell in the barracks. As we left the room, her

piercing gaze lingered on our faces time and again. The alluring curves traced by her supple waist, alas, could no longer yield any benefit. And so she drifted away like a gentle breeze.

Three days later, a telegram we received from Captain Şerif Bey

in Beirut contained the following information regarding

Madame Rebeka Sürşon:

"Madam Rebeka Sürşon is Austrian. She resides near the

American University in Beirut. She is a shareholder in the Janet

Bar in Beirut. She has close ties to

. She has established a relationship with Captain Urfalı Hüseyin of the Gendarmerie, stationed in the village of Sukelg-rap in Mount Lebanon,

and spends some of her days with this officer

and it appears she incurs considerable expenses there. Upon her return from Lebanon, her first task is

It has been established that the visit was to Madam Rebaka

Şürşon. Madam R. Şürşon, whilst at the Janet bar,

officers at the Janet bar

. Although her home and those of her close associates were searched thoroughly, no useful evidence was found."

*** * ***

LAVRENS

Within his vast and fearsome organisation, by deploying the 'Promised Land' units behind Jewish lines, in the deserts and along the Hejaz line, thereby inflicting upon us losses so great that we could not afford to underestimate them, the notorious British

spy, Lawrence, upon seeing that his most ruthless operatives were being captured one by one through measures so swift and severe that it was impossible to fathom what had befallen them, began to seek ways to rescue them at any cost.

Now, within the general and military prisons of Damascus—

, mosques and the mouldy cellars of the Beramke barracks—SIMISIMON
. 143

—are lying in wait for Lavrens to come and rescue them They are so clinging to this hope

that they have clung to this hope so fiercely!... In an attempt to buy time by prolonging the investigations against them, they have resorted to every possible scheme and plan their wits could devise. Indeed, a short while later

, it was reported that Lawrence, having equipped a host of Fellahs—whom he had bribed with British gold—under the command of Emir (A), was trampling the sandy terrain of Kalatül-ezrak. This

attempt appeared extremely dangerous. If he could rouse the forces he had managed to mobilise against the Havran district

, then the matter would not be confined merely to the rescue of the Jewish

spies, but might well lead to a genuine

disaster . . For, the banner of district, was a region of the utmost strategic importance. However,

Havran did not rebel. There was a Turkish governor there named

Hacim Muhiddin. He was a man of the people, fair and

Mert a person for , the people of Havran loved him as if worshipping him.

The corps had also reinforced this crucial region in a moral sense.

The propaganda it was compelled to carry out for this purpose was

as follows:

- It ensured that the rumour spread among the Druze that Lavrens was not an English officer but rather Staff Officer Nevres Bey, and that he intended to stir up trouble in Havran.

For the man known as Nevres Bey had come to Havran under

the command of Sami Pasha after the constitutional monarchy

was established and had engaged in very violent

military operations, thereby earning the eternal hatred and resentment of the people of Havran. *It* was for this very reason that Lawrence found himself facing such fierce opposition.

Thus, despite the famous British spy's endless efforts

***

his hopes were dashed. The forces and movements of the rebellion

were shattered against the insurmountable, sheer walls of Karatül-ezrak.

* **

FINAL ACT

After this long, tumultuous era, the city of Damascus

. The War Council had completed their work through day and night, closing their files. If it had been necessary

sinner had to be apprehended, it would have been necessary to set all the villages of Palestine ablaze from end to end. For this reason, the course taken was to punish only the most ruthless ringleaders among them. The most commendable aspect was that even the sentences determined for these individuals were established with the utmost sense of justice and carried out with the greatest possible rigour.

They have never shown us any genuine respect, and

who, in our most difficult moments, committed cowardly acts of treachery—

these despicable individuals, our hearts were filled and emptied solely with a sense of justice, whilst the nobility of the nation to which I belong

.

In the settlement of this sordid affair, Mademoiselle Simon played a—

She had been left on the shelf. The necessary information about her had been gathered and her confessions had been recorded. At dawn, the sentences of all the criminals were to be carried out.

That night, I had Mademoiselle Simon brought to headquarters in a

corps car. When she entered, wrapped in a black coat

, I saw her turn pale with excitement:

SİMİSİMOIST.....1 4 5

“I apologise for disturbing you at this hour. However, I absolutely

must see you,” I said. She

She sat down on a chair. Her piercing eyes scanned the room with a timid gaze.

"Tonight, you will listen to me without objection. And you will

carry out my instructions to the letter. As you might have

, in his testimony, he did not utter a single word that would exonerate you completely. On the contrary, at every opportunity he stated that he was in close contact with you. I deem it unnecessary to explain

constitutes a terrible crime. Furthermore, the fact that you were

trained for these tasks by a dreadful

spy, and your frequent dealings with Turkish officers in Jerusalem and Damascus

. However, despite all this, we have not obtained evidence sufficient

to sentence you to death, proving that you actually worked against us

and committed treason

. The court-martial has sentenced you to exile. You will depart for

Konya early tomorrow morning. This

I have summoned you here

I have summoned you here. I ask that you

and to prepare for tomorrow morning.

With a demeanour that clearly showed she had no strength left to listen, she rose from her seat and, clinging to my hands, began to sob.

I do not know how long she wept in my arms. My heart

was breaking into pieces. I did everything I could to comfort her. With her head bowed, she listened to me through tears

tears, she listened to me and gradually found peace.

I told her that Samih Rifât Bey, the Governor of Konya, was my brother

and that life was comfortable there I . His soul, caught between joy and sorrow, caged—

I could feel his soul fluttering like a bird caged. He began to speak with a sigh:

- So my misfortune is not yet over! Now, too, from one land to another—

country from land to land from place to place!... All my loved ones for various reasons I cannot fathom, they have driven me away from them

! Today, you too... You are not reciprocating my pure love in the same way.

After saying those words, he fell silent; looking completely at a

loss, he couldn't take his eyes off me.

Isn’t that strange? My feelings still believe in him. I love him—

. But my mind and reason simply cannot shake off this doubt!

It was quite late at night. I went to Mademoiselle Simon and

to get ready. As we said goodbye, the words choked in her throat. She left, her tears soaking my hands, as if a piece of my heart were being torn away.

*** * ***

At dawn, the traitors who had been hanged on the gallows in Merce Square

were hung on the gallows in Merce Square; the city of Damascus greeted them the following morning with hatred and as a lesson to others. A rapid-firing artillery battery belonging to the 43rd Infantry Division rained fire upon Arvat Island, the last remaining den of treachery, whilst Mademoiselle Simon and

Madam R. Şürşon were making their way towards Konya.

Watching them depart, I sank into deep thought: the dreams of

Madame Sara, Abraham Blum, Mademoiselle Simon and

Madame Rebeka Şürşon had filled my room.

I watched with sorrow the spark of the flame that ignited their souls. For this sacred spark of the flame had been burning in the hearts of the Turks for thousands of years hürri-SİMİ-SİMON
….147

and the flame of independence had leapt forth. The Turks have never

hesitated to gather beneath their flags a multitude of

for centuries, and had risen to heights on the path of civilisation and humanity that they could not even have imagined

. Yet, alas, these peoples—destined from time immemorial to be deprived of the true love of freedom and independence

from time to time

They are yearning for freedom and doing everything in their power to return to their roots.

Indeed, having fallen into the trap of a powerful enemy spy—a

trap baited with glittering promises—they sold their true

independence, selling their true independence and freedom with their own hands; if our forefathers could rise from their graves to witness this wretched state of affairs, they would be deeply distressed, cursing the efforts they expended to save them from such a fate:

‘Alas! Did we bestow this prosperity, this freedom, only to see them disgraced as tools for an enemy spy’s ambitions in the end!’ they would be struck by a sorrowful realisation. What a great lesson this is for humanity! What a bitter source of pride for the noble Turkish nation!

THE END...

The late [Militia General]

Cevat Rıfat ATLİHAN’s

one of his most valuable works.

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